

The Enterprise.

VOL. 9.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

NO. 14.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 1:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.	A. M.	P. M.
.....	6:45	12:03
.....	4:05
.....	12:39
.....	5:03

MAIL CLOSES.

South.	A. M.	P. M.
.....	6:40	12:00
.....	5:24

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Bock	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
M. M. Gerner	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSASSIN	
H. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Ella M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
W. S. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

F. J. Jelick was killed by a train at Millbrae last week.

Peter Lamar, an Indian, was killed in a drunken row at Ukiah last week.

Rose Adler, a San Francisco singer, has been married in London to Armand Cailleau.

Joseph Schamhorst shot and fatally wounded "Barney" Smith at Oakdale during a drunken quarrel.

The large warehouse of J. H. Schirm, in Los Angeles, was burned last week, with its contents.

An unusually heavy flow of water has been struck in an artesian well at Sonoma, after going down 200 feet.

William Congrave, a pioneer settler of Yolo county, killed himself at Woodland while despondent because of long sickness.

Francesco Simontochi, the young daughter of a prominent rancher of Ventura county, was kicked to death by a horse last week.

Half a foot of snow has fallen at Grass Valley, and cars are kept constantly running between Grass Valley and Nevada City to keep the track clear.

Edward Parker, a convicted prisoner, who was being taken from Los Angeles to Folsom, jumped from the train on the Tehachapi mountains and escaped.

Mrs. Marion Faversham, the divorced wife of the matinee idol, has brought suit against her former husband, now married to Julie Opp, with the intention of reopening the case.

David Gilmore, 72 years of age and a pioneer of Montana, died suddenly of heart failure in his cabin in the mountains west of Helena. Gilmore discovered the Bald Butte mine, for many years the leading producing property in the State. He died in poverty.

The retail jewelry establishment of T. A. Taylor at 536 South Broadway, Los Angeles, was robbed and looted of gold watches and rings to the value of nearly \$1000. The thieves effected an entrance by breaking in the panels of the front door. The booty was taken from the showcase, no attempt being made to open the safe.

The skeleton of a man was found on Jim Swinford's ranch, up the coast near Santa Cruz, two feet underground. The head was in the middle of the bones. No sign of a box was in evidence. The skeleton is supposed to be that of a sailor that washed ashore about thirty years ago and was buried near the cliffs. His name was never heard.

George W. Groff, an insurance solicitor for the Conservative Life Insurance Company, committed suicide at his home, 857 West Twenty-ninth street, Los Angeles, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. Groff, who was of a morose disposition, is said to have brooded over the recent elopement and marriage of his young daughter. He was 45 years of age.

George Edwards was seriously injured in a dynamite explosion which occurred at the Robinson ranch, about five miles north of Fresno. The accident was caused by the carelessness of Edwards, who, the night before, put three sticks of dynamite into his stove to thaw them out. As a result of his thoughtlessness he is now lying at the Burnett Sanatorium and is suffering much pain.

F. W. Broderick lives in Brooklyn township, Alameda county, and has a little garden spot in which he delights and takes pride. It came about that the goose of a neighbor came frequently to his garden spot and despoiled it. After repeated warnings, he grew desperate and killed the goose. He was haled before Judge Quinn and convicted. The Judge offered him the alternative of paying a fine of \$2 or spending the day in

the County Jail. He chose the day in jail.

Because he had become discouraged by the death of hundreds of his cattle from drought and the prevalence of disease among his herds, Juan Save, one of the oldest live stock raisers in Santa Barbara county, committed suicide on his ranch, near Santa Ynez, by cutting his throat with a pocket knife. He was 61 years old and had been engaged in the cattle business in that county since the early seventies and was considered one of the most successful stockmen in this section of the State. Owing to the absence of rain until a few days ago Save's cattle began dying, and the misfortune preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he became deranged. Save leaves a large family, several members of which are prominent in Santa Barbara county.

Ozma Mthato and his four-year-old son, Juan, were burned to death in a fire which broke out at their home in San Bernardino. The family lived in small quarters in the poorer section of the city, and the fire is supposed to have started from the kitchen stove, near which the wife was sewing. Mthato and the boy had retired when the flames broke out. Before a fierce north wind the fire spread so rapidly that the father and boy were caught in a room and smothered before they could escape. The mother, grandmother and two other children managed to get out, but in an incredibly short time the building was destroyed.

Thomas McDowell, a veteran of the Civil War, who resides at Caspar was the victim of a peculiar accident last week. After escaping death in all its forms on the battlefield, he came near losing his life by having a horse thrown at him by a locomotive. The man was walking along the railroad track, and had stepped aside to allow the northbound passenger train to pass. Two horses belonging to Mr. Finley of Eureka wandered on to the Cousins crossing just as the engine reached that place, and were struck by the locomotive. Both animals were lifted into the air and thrown fully forty feet, one of them striking McDowell and pinning him to the ground. Had not a fence broken the animal's fall the man would undoubtedly have been instantly killed. The train crew went to McDowell's assistance and lifted the horse from the prostrate man. Both horses died immediately after being struck by the locomotive.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Manufacturing Plants Are More Active—Collections Are More Prompt.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Weather conditions have furnished the chief influences in the general trade situation. To some extent traffic has been hindered, especially at the East, but the latest returns of railway earnings for January show an increase of 4.9 per cent over 1903. Wholesale business is fairly active, traveling salesmen sending in about average orders, and jobbing trade is normal. Manufacturing plants are more active, with little change in quotations, and the outlook for spring trade is considered favorable. Collections are somewhat more prompt. Leading staples have risen to new maximum prices for the crop year. Iron and steel plants that resumed at the turn of the year have obtained sufficient business to continue operating and thus far the adjustment of wages has not produced the threatened strike. Increased activity and strength is reported in the domestic hide market. Failures this week numbered 358 in the United States, against 265 last year, and 33 in Canada, compared with 27 a year ago.

Railroad for Lower California.

Austin, Texas.—Men who are said to represent the Southern Pacific Company have secured a concession from the Mexican Government to build and operate a railroad which is to run the whole length of the peninsula of Lower California. The southern terminus will be San Lucan, and the road will pass through San Carlos, Mulege and La Paz. It will be the first railroad to be built in Lower California.

Several Firemen Injured.

Baltimore.—Fire caused damage of about \$100,000 to the New York Clearing-house. Several firemen, including District Chief Emory, were injured.

GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA VERY RAPID

Figures From Many Regions Show That With New Era Comes a Big Population.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR THIS STATE

Statistics From Various County Clerks Throughout the State Show a Decided Gain in Postal Receipts.

San Francisco.—Reports to the Chronicle from counties throughout California indicate a rapid growth since the census of 1900. The decade from 1890 to 1900 showed a substantial increase in the population and wealth of the entire State, but the development in the ten years from 1900 to 1901 promises to be still more rapid. The California promotion committee has received letters from the county clerks in many widely separated counties in the State—without an exception these statistics show a lively growth in the last three years. The population of Butte county at the present time is 22,030, as against 17,117 in 1900, an increase of 4913, or at the rate of 1638 persons yearly. The following from Fresno county indicates a healthy increase:

"Gentlemen—In reply to your letter of inquiry will say that the probable population of Fresno county is about 44,700, estimated on the school census and the great register of the county.

"Population in 1900, 37,862.

"Registration in 1900, 9651—approximately one-fourth the population.

"Registration in 1902, 10,684, an increase of 1033 in two years, or 4122 gain in population in two years. At this rate of gain the increase of population from September 1900 to the present time, being three and one-third years, is 6870.

"Add 6870, the increase, and 37,862, the population in 1900, gives a present population of 44,732.

A. M. Drew, district census marshal in 1900, has made an estimate of the population of Fresno county for Government purposes based on the school census, and is less than 100 below my estimate.

"Postal receipts for the six months ending December, 1902, 25,180.55; postal receipts for the six months ending December, 1903, 327,725.97. Yours truly,

"M. F. McCORMACK,

"Deputy Clerk."

The next letter is from J. E. Rodgers, County Clerk of Contra Costa county:

"I have yours of January 15, 1904, asking me to give you estimate of increase of population for the county of Contra Costa since the census of 1900.

"I have no figures at hand that will enable me to give you such estimate with any degree of certainty, but in my best judgment the population of this county has increased fully 3000 people since the census of 1900.

"Our shore line, which is so well suited for manufacturing industries, is rapidly filling up from Antioch to Point Richmond, and I think the population of Point Richmond alone has increased 2500 since 1900. Very truly yours, J. E. RODGERS, Clerk."

The following is from Mendocino county:

"In reply to yours of the 15th, will state that I am unable to give you the exact population of the county, but estimate it to be about 22,000, which is not far from the correct number. The population in 1900 was 20,645. The following are the postal receipts for the six months ending December 31, 1902, and December 31, 1903: For 1902, \$2861.95; for 1903, \$3003.73, making an increase of \$141.78."

Humboldt county reports great progress. The balance of trade in favor of the county in 1902 was \$3,500,000 and it is estimated that last year the total balance of trade was in excess of \$4,000,000. Under the leadership of the Civic Federation in Eureka it has been decided to bond that city for \$500,000 for municipal improvements. The population of Eureka in 1900 was 3727, and at the end of last month it had grown to 11,111.

The population of Merced county, according to the most reliable data that can be procured, is about 11,000. The postal receipts for Merced county ending December 31, 1902, were \$1998.95; and for December 31, 1903, \$2126.27; increase, 127.32.

SICKNESS DUE TO COLD WEATHER

New York Has More Patients Than the Hospitals Can Accommodate.

New York.—Sickness resulting from the weather of the last three weeks has filled the public and private hospitals, and conditions are worse than ever. An investigation showed that all public hospitals have more patients than beds, and in twenty private institutions there are only a few beds reserved for cases of great emergency.

The condition at Bellevue Hospital was so serious that several members of the board of trustees were called into consultation with the superintendent. A Bellevue census showed 904 patients, the highest number in the history of the institution. The hospital has accommodations for 891. A majority of the medical cases at Bellevue are pneumonia and complications. The deaths at the hospital averaged ten a day, half of them being due to pneumonia. Other public hospitals tell practically the same story as Bellevue. An appeal of the Bellevue to the private hospitals brought out the fact that they, too, are congested with patients.

TYPHOID RAGING IN LEADVILLE.

Secretary of the Colorado Health Board Says Situation Is Serious.

Denver.—Claude E. Cooper, secretary of the State Board of Health, has returned from Leadville, where he has been investigating the typhoid situation. He said there was no question of the diagnosis of the epidemic, and that the situation was serious, not only because of the rapid spread of the disease in Leadville, but from the fact that there is danger of the waters of the Arkansas river becoming contaminated, which would jeopardize the health of the thousands living along its borders. Secretary Cooper said there were 500 cases of typhoid in Leadville now and expressed the belief that within the next week or two the number would be greatly increased. While the cause of the epidemic has not been determined, Secretary Cooper inclines to the opinion that the water supply of Leadville has become impure.

Lieutenant Slain by Moros.

Manila.—It has just been learned here that Lieutenant Campbell W. Flake of the Twenty-second Infantry was killed while trying to enter Moro Cotta, in Mindanao, for the purpose of examining the locality, accompanied by Private Foy of the same regiment. He was shot treacherously, the Moros firing on the party while Major Bullard was parleying with them. Moro Cotta was at once taken by assault, with no further loss to the expeditionary forces. The estimated loss among the Moros is twenty killed.

Divorced Because of Drink.

Fresno.—A quart of raw alcohol a day was John B. Antrim's daily drinking allowance, according to the story told in the Superior Court by his young wife. Her stepmother corroborated her. The drink made him a demon, and he put his wife out of doors with her little infant, forcing her to return to her stepmother for something to eat. The couple were married in 1901, and Antrim's craving for alcohol did not develop until six months ago. The divorce Mrs. Antrim asked for was granted.

Taps Oil Lake in Colorado.

Florence, Colo.—The United Oil Company, while drilling well No. 312 at Spindle Top Heights, three miles south of Florence, tapped the first lake of oil ever discovered in Colorado. The oil was encountered at a depth of 2775 feet, and the well will have the production capacity of any six wells in this field. General Manager Wallace announced that the oil in the new well had risen to within a few hundred feet of the surface, and that 500 barrels per day could easily be pumped.

Student Fatally Scalded.

Topeka, Kas.—A special to the State Journal from Manhattan says that Elmer Gardner, a student at the State Agricultural College, was scalded to death by falling in the pump pit, which furnishes hot water for the college. He was standing near it when the earth caved in.

Judgment Against Car Line.

Santa Barbara.—Mrs. Clemence Kline of San Francisco was awarded \$8000 damages by a jury for injuries sustained by being thrown from an electric car in this city last July. Mrs. Kline sued the company for \$10,000.

TO BAR OUT FOREIGN PRODUCTS

Middle European Economic Society Founded on Lines Advocated by Goluchowski.

TARIFF WAR ON AMERICAN GOODS

Scope of Operations May Include the Powers in Triple Alliance, France, Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia.

Berlin.—Under the presidency of Duke Ernst Guenther Zn Schleswig-Holstein, Emperor William's brother-in-law, the Middle European Economic Society was formally founded here last week. It aims to procure the establishment of a middle European economic alliance on the lines proclaimed by Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, several years ago.

The president declared the society was formed to defend Germany from an overflow of foreign goods, to strengthen German capacity in the markets of the world, and, above all, to meet American competition.

Professor Julius Wolff of Breslau, the economist and intellectual founder of the society, explained that the idea originated from observation of American progress, which was due to the "boundless possibilities opened to that energetic race by its large unified domestic market."

It was quite feasible to introduce a greater division of labor and specialization, both in this country and between the countries embraced in the plan of the Middle European Economic Society, with the view of cheapening production. A further step would be a reform of the most-favored-nation principle, which must be brought into harmony with reciprocity. Probably the greatest task of the society, however, will be the creation of economic alliances between nations with common interests.

The society adopted as a cardinal principle the necessity for directing the attention of the peoples and governments of Central Europe to their common economic interests.

The meeting was attended by 150 leading economists, politicians, manufacturers, merchants and landowners.

It is intended to include in the scope of the operations of the society the powers forming the Triple Alliance, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Scandinavia.

Arizona on the Freeze.

Tucson, A. T.—During the past two days this section has experienced unprecedentedly cold weather. Heavy snowfalls are reported in the surrounding mountains. Snow is reported over ten feet deep in the foothills of Rincons, twenty miles south of here.

Costly Blaze in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles.—Fire destroyed the warehouse of the Los Angeles Furniture Company on Keller street near Macy. The loss is \$50,000, partially insured. The origin of the fire is unknown. One fireman was severely injured by a falling beam.

Death of an Inventor.

New York.—Simon S. Goldman, said to have been the inventor of the tucker and needle threader in general use on sewing machines, is dead of heart disease at his home here.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store n San Mateo County that

SELLS
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

When a man thinks he knows it all he is happy until he wakes up.

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between contentment and laziness.

Some women adapt themselves to circumstances and others apply for a divorce.

Radium is said to change into helium. This stupendous fact leads us to keep a heavy paper weight on our radium.

It is indignantly denied that Colombia is eager to possess the pen with which the Panama junta signed that canal treaty.

This country is slowly getting mad at the grafter. Before long every grafter that shows his head will stand a slight chance of going to the rockpile.

W. T. Stead's proposed sociological paper will be no more of an innovation than the publisher himself should he really become an "optimist of optimists."

It has been discovered that glasses improve the aim of the German army marksmen. It would seem that a great deal must depend upon what is in the glasses.

Another unmarried English duke of the kind that the American heiress cannot be sure whether he is proposing marriage or telling a dialect story has shown up.

A man in Germany who went to sleep in 1888 woke up recently. That's nothing; there are many men who show no signs of waking up who went to sleep even earlier than '88.

Announcement is made of the fact that the Standard Oil Company is going to open up for business in Roumania. Neither Russia nor Turkey may expect hereafter to get possession of that country.

The Cubans profess to be very eager to pay the money demanded by the late insurgent army, and yet they bitterly resent the imposition of a tax for that purpose. The Cubans are not the first people to want the cake and the penny, too.

In the New York smart set brain fog is taking the place of appendicitis as a fashionable disease. Surgeons are useless in the treatment of brain fog. An invasion of the skull invariably results in the discovery of a cavity with nothing to remove.

Before matches came into common use the average man wasted 90 hours a year in kindling fires with the tinder-box. Seventy years ago nearly every household lived in gloom after sundown. What would you say if you had to dispense with so common a modern luxury as the match?

Much is made of the fact that so many of the candidates voted for at the late election in New York were college graduates. The more educated men who are willing to enter political life, the better. It has been too true at times that many of them were earnest in their desire to see politics elevated, provided some one else would do the elevating.

The loss of life and injury to limb on the railways of the United States proportionally exceeds that on the railways of any other country in the old or new world. We boast the most competent mechanics and the most enterprising capital, and railroad progress in the United States owes most to their combination, but American railway management is fundamentally deficient in a sense of the value of personal safety among both employees and passengers.

Whether it is true or not that crime is more common than usual and more deadly, the most optimistic American cannot deny that law-breaking of the most serious nature is terribly frequent and the defense of society against criminals both difficult and very costly in many ways. There is little hope of improvement unless the administration of the laws can be made more effective, prompt and sure. Justice must be given more power, and the penalties of crime must be inflicted more quickly, more inflexibly and with less hesitation.

Ten thousand young men eligible for military service in the German army have not reported for the enlistment this year. This is double the number of previous years. Evidently the Kaiser's subjects are becoming weary of furnishing amusement for him. It is all very well for Germany's young "war lord" to exhibit the soldiers to admiring foreigners as his playthings, but there are more desirable vocations than that of wearing a uniform and becoming an automaton obedient to the slightest pull on the imperial string, and since one must not act of his own volition in the fatherland the young Germans with tendencies to independence are leaving the Kaiser's dominions.

"Where the loafer wastes his life and the boys grow up to vulgar and useless mediocrity," here is a vivid and unfortunately a true picture of many villages. The remark was made by George Robley Howe, a man who

lives in a country village—the town of Norway, Maine—but not that kind of village, because Mr. Howe and his associate, George Noyes, have found a way to lift it up and transform it. Their work in this little Maine town has already attracted the attention of educators all over the United States. They have taken the country boys as raw material, and created therefrom a scientific university, in which all the sciences which can have a local interest and foundation are learned by the young pupils. Attendance is voluntary, tuition is free. The boys themselves, as they grow older, become the instructors of their younger companions, and all alike go, not to books, but direct to nature. They have their camp kit—blanket, hatchet, knapsack and such other things as make them independent in the woods—and either by themselves or with their older advisers they tramp the surrounding country and study the plants, animals, insects and minerals. Not only do they form collections, but they classify them, accurately and scientifically, each boy working in the department which he has chosen for himself. From the surrounding hills they have taken mineralogical specimens for which natural history museums have offered large prices, and from neighboring streams have gathered valuable pearls. The most important thing of all is the mental and moral training that they get. The intelligent study of nature implies constant association with absolute truth and the comradeship of beauty. Under these influences the "tough" boy and the ineffectual loafer clarify themselves. The dregs of their nature settle, the life becomes purer and better.

Wrong thinking is indicative of weakness; it is, indeed, a species of insanity, for a wrong thinker is continually tearing down and wrecking his own mental and physical structure. The right thinker is the only sane thinker, and he is the happiest as well as the most successful man. He knows better than to keep constantly tripping himself up with the adverse thought which produces destructive conditions. We all know the disastrous effects of wrong thinking. We know by experience how it ripples us morally and physically. Physicians are well aware that anger poisons the blood and that fear, anxiety, fretting and all other inharmonious thoughts seriously interfere with the normal action of all the bodily functions. They are also alive to the fact that anxiety or apprehension of impending disaster, if of long duration, is liable to bring on paralysis. Selfishness, jealousy and envy long indulged in tend to produce serious liver troubles and certain forms of dyspepsia. Lack of self-control and habitual indulgence in violent passions shatter the nervous system, lessen the will power and induce grave disorders. Worry is one of the greatest enemies of the human race; it carves its deep furrows wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it; it delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in various kinds of disease. Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you do a mean, contemptible thing you suffer a loss which cannot be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect and of an uplifting and upbuilding character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further. A business man will find that every time he gets out of sorts, flies into a rage or "goes all to pieces" when things go wrong he is not only seriously injuring his health, but is also crippling his business. He is making himself repellent; he is driving away success conditions. A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He cannot think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.

EDWARD VII.'S GUARDIAN, WHO IS ABOUT TO RETIRE

Superintendent William Melville, the "Sherlock Holmes" of Scotland Yard, London, is about to retire after years of criminal catching. Melville is an Irishman, and is at the head of the political foreign department. His work in chief consists of protecting English royalty at home and abroad, and foreign royalty when visiting the island, detecting dynamite plots and forestalling anarchy. Melville is the shadow of the King. His Majesty never leaves the palace but the quiet Irishman is near by.

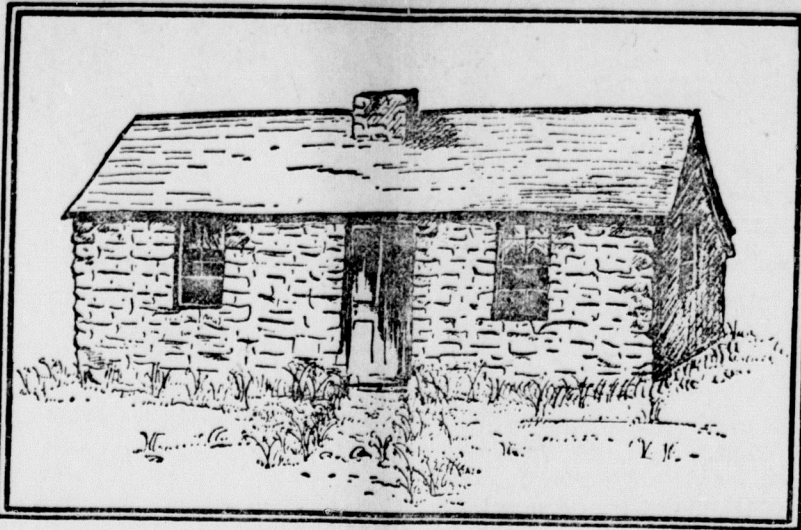
Almost Too Much for Belief.
St. Peter—So you want to come in here. What are your grounds for admission?

Gas Man—That I never read a meter wrong in my life.

St. Peter (to attendant)—Place this man in the detention camp for a few days. The case may be all right, but I'm suspicious. It's almost too good to be true.—Detroit Free Press.

No woman ever admits outside the divorce court that she drew a matrimonial blank.

SOD HOUSES AND DUGOUTS.



A PIONEER PRAIRIE SOD HOUSE.

The sod house and dugout were fitting settings in the beautiful panoramic prairie pictures twenty-five to thirty years ago. They did not mar the beauty and harmony of the scene and were better adapted to the conditions and surroundings than a frame house would have been. They not only solved the problem, so far as ease of construction was concerned, but were more comfortable and a better protection against prairie fires, cyclones and blizzards than frame houses. Fuel for heating and cooking often had to be hauled forty to one hundred miles, and it did not take as much to heat the sod house as would have been required for the kind of frame house usually built in a new country. This was quite an item in a sparsely settled country where there were no roads and only a great bleak, trackless prairie.

Had it not been for the sod house and dugout, these extensive belts of prairie—nature's greatest and best of farming lands—would have laid idle, and the country unsettled many years longer. If the land was level the four walls were laid up with good, tough prairie sod from two to three feet thick. The roof was made by putting up a strong ridgepole, on which lighter poles were laid close together for rafters, then a covering of small brush and lastly a layer of sod. If money was not too short and lumber not too far away, boards would be used for the roof, but to-day scantling and tarred or felt paper are within the reach of nearly all.

Inside walls were dressed down smooth with a hay knife, then plastered with clay or a mixture of clay and lime. The door and windows were made just as elaborate as the means of the settler would allow. If the farm was in a hilly country and had a stream or draw running through it, the house would often be built in the side hill. After making an excavation in the bank, sod or stone walls were laid up and carried out far enough from the bank to allow for a window or two on each side. With a door and two windows in the front, the light and ventilation was very good.

In some parts of the West the soil is of such a nature that an excavation can be made of almost any depth or shape without any danger of caving, and the longer the walls stand, the more solid they become. Taking advantage of this peculiarity of the soil, many of the shiftless class lived in full bank dugouts. They were simply caves dug in the bank, with a door and window in front. Sometimes the luxury of a window was not indulged in, but the door was made in two sections, the upper part being left open, for light and ventilation.

Not much can be said in favor of the dugout. They were poorly ventilated, unhealthy, and the odor would often compel a visitor to hold his nose on entering them for the first time. The sod house and dugout have served their day and purpose, and, like the Indian, buffalo and prairie dog, will soon be but a dreamy memory of the past.

In many localities where a few years ago the sod houses were the only houses and the boundless prairie and wild animals their only surroundings, to-day are fine houses and barns. Not a vestige of the old buffalo grass sod can be found, but in its place are some of the finest farms ever seen, with herds of blooded cattle feeding on well-seeded tame pastures. Here and there will be seen a pile of sod and a few rotten poles, all that is left to mark the location of some early home.—Dr. W. H. Steele, in Farm and Home.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

If you have goods to sell, advertise. Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Remember the fences by the roadside as well. Nothing is so attractive to the passer-by as a well-painted sign: "Millington's medical mixture for mumps."

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiring literary food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat, is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the street, and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calendar. People never look at a calendar to see what day of the month it is. They merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a "p," that's all.

Patronize every agent that shows you an advertising tablet, card, dictionary, or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered at a reasonable price. The man must make a living.

But don't think of advertising in a well-established, legitimate newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman in other lines, and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and it would be read and pondered, and people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable lo-

cation, and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—Detroit Free Press.

MACHINE THAT TALKS.

Ingenious Invention of a Frenchman Has Lips and Teeth.

A talking machine that has created no little sensation is that just produced by Dr. R. Marage, a well-known member of the French Academy of Medicine. It is an interesting device, which reproduces with perfect accuracy the sounds of the human voice, not, as in the case of the phonograph, by merely repeating words spoken by persons, but by a process which is purely mechanical from start to finish, and in which no word is spoken by any human being. The sounds are produced by a system of vibration, says the London Sketch. Attached to the machines are a series of plaster heads, five in all, representing the five vowels, a, e, i, o, u. They are each a perfect model of a person's mouth, fitted with pliable lips and perfect teeth. Air currents set in motion by the machinery are made to pass through the dummy mouths, which are fitted with sirens.

Through his invention Dr. Marage has discovered that the steam sirens used on board ships can be so constructed as to imitate certain sounds. Thus, different phonetic syllables may be obtained which could be used to form an international alphabet. By an ingenious contrivance attached to this wonderful instrument it is possible to see reflected in a tiny mirror the vocal chords of a singer.

By the same device one can also trace their action, and see how, as the note gets higher, the aperture between them becomes less and less, until when the top note is reached it is almost closed. As the force of air current expelled becomes stronger the opening decreases in size. It increases as the force becomes less. The smaller the aperture the greater the vibration. This is how human beings get their singing voices. "There is no mystery about it," declares Dr. Marage. "It is a purely mechanical process, based on known laws of higher mechanics."

Giving it a Name.

"What do you think that cheeky Clipperton did this morning?"

"Give it up."

"He called to me from an upper story and asked me to lend him a fiver."

"That was a peculiar touch."

"I called it a touchdown."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Makes a Heap of Difference.

"Rev. Mr. Smoothly doesn't preach 'fire and brimstone' so much from his new pulpit as he did when he was your pastor."

"No, he's getting more salary now."—Philadelphia Press.

Were it not for the fools the wise guys would get left.



The woman who was used to consideration had been bothered with her teeth—with one tooth in particular—and her dentist advised her to have it out. He was a most courteous and deferential man, this dentist. He took a keen and sympathetic interest in the fair sufferer's account of the agonies that she had endured, and it was a pretty long account, too. Then he begged her to be seated and made a thorough examination of the tooth, flashing mirrors into it, tapping it with various instruments and peering at it through a magnifying glass. He gave his decision only after an exhaustive lecture on the dental art and its application to this particular tooth.

"Of course I could extract it myself," he concluded, "but I would advise you to go to a professional extractor. Extraction is a branch of the profession that I only practice on an emergency, and in your case the emergency does not exist. It would be better for you to avail yourself of the services of a specialist, I should say. Now, let me see. I think I would recommend Mr. Blank. That will be convenient for you, and in the meantime I will inject a little preparation of my own into the gum—perfectly painless, I assure you, or I would not suggest it—merely to make it easy until you reach Mr. Blank's office. It is a thousand pities for you to lose the tooth. Very few ladies are blessed with such teeth as yours."

He went on with this soothing prattle while he injected the cocaine and then assisted her to put on her coat, finally escorting her to the door and dismissing her with a graceful bow.

The woman got into her carriage and was driven to the extractor's. She found the waiting room crowded, and with people who were evidently not in her class. She gave her card to the young person who seemed to be the attendant.

"Will you take this in to Mr. Blank at once, if you please?" she said.

The young person looked at the card. She ought to have been impressed, but she did not appear to be. "Is it some particular business?" she asked.

"I wish to have a tooth extracted."

"Then take a seat, please. I'll let you know when it is your turn."

The woman who was used to consideration, thought at first that she would leave, but feeling sure that the young person would not mind in the least if she did she took a seat. She was glad to see that in spite of the crowd it was not likely that she would have long to wait. The little bell in the extractor's room jingled and the door opened to admit a new patient at intervals of about three minutes. Soon the young person smiled and nodded to her that it was her turn. She entered the room and saw a tall, dark-bearded man arranging some forceps on a glass-topped table. He hardly looked around as she entered.

"Take off your hat, please," he said, briskly.

"Is this Mr. Blank?" inquired the woman, haughtily.

"Yes, ma'am. Take off your hat, please."

"I have a tooth that Dr. Jones recommended me to have extracted," she began as she removed her hat, in spite of her indignation. "The tooth—"

"Sit down in that chair."

She seated herself with an air of protest. "Dr. Jones tells me that the tooth is affected by—" she resumed, but the extractor had deftly slipped some nicked appliances over the lower part of her face.

She struggled a little and try to say something more about Dr. Jones.

"Sit perfectly still," she heard the extractor say. "Breathe out, breathe in; breathe out, breathe—"

The next thing the woman knew was that the extractor was offering her a glass of water and that there was a cavity where the tooth had been. She made no further attempt at conversation and another patient was admitted.

"Take off your hat, please," said the extractor. "Sit down in that chair."

As the humbled woman left the room she heard the extractor say, "Breathe out, breathe in; breathe out, breathe in."

"I never saw such brutality in all my life," said the woman, relating the event. "But I must say he pulled the tooth."—Chicago Daily News.

GREAT CORK FORESTS OF ITALY DESTROYED BY DEPREDATIONS OF RECKLESS WOODMEN

ITALY was formerly a large producer of cork, but the splendid cork-oak forests which were its pride and profit are now practically extinct, for no care was taken to replace those that were destroyed. We are using in the same way the great timber forests of our own country. In some of the Italian provinces—as, for instance, in Calabria—the trees have been felled and used for charcoal-making. In other provinces they have been cut down on account of their high potash contents. The cork industry is quite an important one and will now receive a fresh impetus, a new process having been discovered by which large pieces can be made out of small ones, so that cork waste can be utilized in large quantities. This is all the more important, as the price of cork increases steadily, both on account of the growing demand and the lessened supply of the raw material.

Large forests of cork-oak trees are existing in Spain, Portugal, France, Algeria and Tunis. None are found in Asia Minor and only rarely in Greece and European Turkey, although the climates seem to be favorable for their growth. The area covered by these forests is estimated at 300,000 hectares (741,300 acres) in Portugal, 250,000 hectares (617,750 acres) in Spain, 280,000 hectares (691,880 acres) in Algeria and only 80,000 hectares (197,750 acres) remain in Italy.

While Spain still furnishes 32,800 tons of cork annually, the production of Italy has decreased to 4,000 tons. The value of the Spanish exports of cork amount to \$6,000,000 per year, against less than \$250,000 for Italy. Only Sicily and Sardinia are still producing cork to any considerable extent in Italy, while the former great oak forests of Calabria are almost totally destroyed. It seems incomprehensible that this destruction has been permitted. The trees easily reach an age of 200 years. They yield cork in their thirtieth year and continue to do so every seven years. Seventy-five years ago the English demand for cork was supplied exclusively from Italy. The destruction of the remaining forests goes on uninterruptedly, and nobody seems to try to prevent it or to plant new forests, in spite of the fact that Italy possesses the most favorable climate and soil for the cork-oak, the most favorable conditions for its growth being found in the volcanic soil of the peninsula.

CUNNING OF THE POSSUM.

How He Fools the Dogs That Are Pursuing His Trail.

He will usually go home by a tree-trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his steps. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not find his home tree, nor even the vicinity of it.

So, as he enters his own neighborhood swamp, his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind he knows by long experience that they may be expected and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out, likely, on the bank opposite his home tree. Farther down he jumps the stream, runs toward a big gum and from a dozen feet away takes a flying leap, catching the rough trunk up just out of reach of the keen-nosed dogs. He goes on up a little and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now at the tree they begin to worry. They circle and finally pick up the scent beyond the first gap, only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the widest circling does not cross. For the coon has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this still another, and on like a squirrel, from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on it may be, to his own high hollow.—National Magazine.

WOULD EMANCIPATE

THE WOMEN OF CHINA



This is a picture of 17-year-old Kang Tung Bac, the Chinese girl who is in this country for the purpose of acquiring the education which will enable her to return to China to teach her country women the means of freeing themselves from the mental and spiritual, to say nothing of the physical, bondage under which they have been groaning for centuries. Miss Bac realizes that she has a difficult task before her, but she is confident that she can accomplish much in the way of ameliorating the condition of the women of China. She has been attending an English school in India for the past three years and is now planning to enter Wellesley. At present she is making her home in Brooklyn with a Japanese family resident there.

Doing His Best.

"Do you think much of Miss Frisbie?" asked Mr. Kilroy of Mr. Spatts. "About twenty-four hours a day," was the reply.—Town Topics.

KITTY'S PICTURE.

I took my kitten yesterday
To have her picture made.
They wanted me to hold her still
Because she was afraid.
I never had my picture took,
Because I always cry
When it begins to stare at me—
That awful camera's eye!

My kitty wiggled all about,
And stood upon her head,
And I forgot the camera,
Until "All done!" they said.
But when the picture came, it was
The queerest thing! You see
The kitten didn't show at all
The picture was of me!

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

THE BACHELOR COUSIN.

MANDY, he's coming again this year the same as before. About how many years has Cousin Jim been coming here to stay the summer?

"Twenty, counting the last stop—which was from May until November; really, that makes twenty and a half times your cousin Jim has visited us. He began early and stayed late the last time, you know. What has Jim Fosdyke got to say this time, Silas?"

"Same old thing, Mandy; same old thing. Jim never changes his tune; works on my feelings and tells about how he longs to visit the old nooks and corners of the farm once more. Speaks in a fetching sort of way about the old swimming hole down under the willows; also grips me tighter than a burr about the fishing place below the mill dam, where he once yanked out a four-pound pike with a minnow hook. Jim's got the same old gift of drawing folks to him that he always had. Poor old boy! He has not changed a bit since he went to the city to build up a fortune. He's cut out for a bachelor, and will always go it alone to the end. If he was married, and was going to bring along a naughty wife and a lot of fresh and saucy children I'd think different about his coming here year after year. The poor, lonesome, old boy clings to the place if he has got barrels of money; I can't say as he throws his wealth around when he does come."

"Only pays ordinary price for board, that's all and no more. I will say this about Cousin Jim—he never finds any fault with things; he never complains, warm meals or cold; they're all the same to him. He really seems to enjoy plain fare the best, and always tells me not to fuss with fancy dishes. He crawls up the narrow stairs to the little chamber without a murmur. Some rich old bachelors who live most of the year in high-toned hotels and fashionable boarding-houses would find lots of fault. He don't; he's common like, and easy to please; just likes to take off his coat and loaf around; hangs on the fence as though he was watching the grass grow; loves to sit on the stoop in the evening like any poor man listening to the tree toads and frogs. Silas, your cousin Jim has never risen a peg above you if he has got barrels of money. Poor Jim! I saw he was ailing when he was here the last time. Perhaps that was the reason why he came so early and stayed so late."

"I don't like to write and tell him that crops look poor, and that we are a little pinched, and don't really care for company this—"

"Don't you do it, Silas; don't you do it. Why, that would be cruel and wrong; and it would break the poor old bachelor's heart. You are the only one he has got left of the old stock in these parts; the rest are all gone to the city. Silas, Cousin Jim just pines for the sight of your face, and the old place where you and he were boys together. It is like a heaven to him to get back here with you and the dear old familiar things he loves so much. Now you sit right down and tell him we will be tickled to see him again. Tell him the apple tree limbs are bumping up against the window of the little chamber; tell him the grass is greener than ever, that the snowball bush hangs heavy, and that the roses were never so sweet. You might tell him that my last churning was the best I ever turned out since we got the new cows. Mention a word about my raised biscuits and say a little something about the bees and the nice honey. It will come like a breath from the old sweet home when poor Cousin Jim reads all that. He will hardly be able to wait, poor boy!"

It was the same old home-coming, only Cousin Jim hunched over a little more in the buggy as Silas drove from the station through the shady lane of maples leading to the little farmhouse ensconced among the apple trees at the further end.

During the short drive he said but little; and when Silas asked him a question he hesitated, faltered and rubbed his chin before replying. When Old Gray turned down the lane where the robins were singing and the squirrels chattering, a trace of the old light came back to the old bachelor's eyes and the faded, sunken cheeks glowed a trifle.

"Si," he murmured, laying his thin hand upon the other's knee, "let me drive Old Gray home through the lane."

The lines hung listlessly from his hands as the old mare slowly walked along the familiar place toward the house, where Mandy stood in the doorway with a glad smile of welcome overspreading her kindly face. Then when the horse halted at the block, he said, handing over the lines:

THE ORIGINAL "BILL" BAILEY.



NOT A COLORED MAN BUT AN OHIO VETERAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

William Bailey, the original "Oh, Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" was before the Wyandot (Ohio) County Board of Pension Examiners not long ago, being examined for an increase of his quarterly allowance. Mr. Bailey modestly states that the incident on which the song was founded occurred many years ago, when he was a boy attending school in Bucyrus. He was always of a roving disposition, and at the age of 15 was preparing to go West. One of the wits in the class, after he had seen that Mr. Bailey's mind was fully made up to leave, made a remark at the depot that was quickly taken up. Just as Mr. Bailey stepped on the passenger coach one of his friends, a man by the name of Joseph Parker, said: "Oh, won't you come home, Bill Bailey?" This was the first Mr. Bailey and his friends ever heard of the remark, and it has clung to him to this day.

Mr. Bailey was born in Seneca County, New York, and at the age of 4 came to Seneca County, Ohio. He then went to Crawford County, where he remained until he was 15 years old. He drifted West in the employ of the Northwestern Fur Company and located at Indianola, Texas. Here he was captured by the Comanche Indians in 1851, and was held prisoner for fifteen months.

After he was released he drifted to Dakota in 1861, and from there went to Springfield, Ill., where he enlisted in the Twelfth Illinois Infantry and served through the Civil War. He also was a member for eighteen months of the United States Volunteers in the war with Mexico.

"I think I have been driving right into heaven, Si."

"Why, Cousin Jim, I am so glad to see you again. It seems so like old times to see you and Silas driving home through the lane." And the good woman came forward with both hands outstretched. Her eyes grew moist when she saw how feeble the old bachelor cousin was. She and Silas had to almost lift him from his buggy, and her strong arms supported the frail form as he walked with dragging steps up the gravel walk and into the cool, flower-scented parlor. His eyes roved about the quiet place and he sighed, "Heaven, heaven at last!"

"You lie right down on the couch, Cousin Jim, and take a nap while I get supper. I'll call you in time to wash and freshen up. I'm going to have some raised biscuits and honey— you always liked that."

The tired man laid his head back and murmured: "Dear Mandy! I am so glad to get back home again. I will rest for a few moments. I am so tired, so tired—and so—so happy to get home—home!"

Mandy went out and closed the parlor door.

"This must be heaven—at last. It is so still, so sweet, so nice. Tomorrow I will go down to the mill dam; I will go to the old swimming hole under the willows once more, where dear old Si and I used to swim. I will sit on the stoop in the cool of the evening and— I will be at home once more with the good and true and unselfish ones."

And thus he murmured as he drifted into the land of sweet dreams. At rest finally, there in the cool, flower-scented parlor of the little farmhouse, afar from the noise and bustle of the city.

The bees buzzed among the lilacs, where the humming birds whirled; the apple blossoms bunched against the blinds and the fragrant petals fell upon the sleeper's face—but he did not stir. He was dreaming, sweetly dreaming—dreaming of heaven. He was dreaming of the dear old days of boyhood, days free of care, days filled with joy and delight and sweetness.

Then the good angel of the old man's dreams came in a chariot of silver, and his eyelids were touched as with a magic wand. He roved in green pastures, where blue cloud-fleeced skies bent; and he wandered by crystal streams in the cool shady woodlands where birds made glad the fragrant breezes of the summer days of unending bliss.

And then—then, it was no longer a dream. Oh! the glory of it all! It was no more a dream. It was a blessed reality.

"Jim!"

There came no response from the old man on the couch.

"Silas, come quick! All is not well with poor Jim."

They approached the couch and looked down upon the face. The tired look had disappeared. There was a smile instead. Cousin Jim was no longer ill—he was at rest, peacefully at rest. And all was well with him.

The city relatives waited when his will was read. The good and true ones who had loved him to the end, the kindly ones who lived in the little house at the end of the maple lane— Jim had given all to them.—New York Times.

Sharpe—I wonder why that Baltimore girl wished to be married up in a balloon? Wheaton—Probably she has boasted that she wouldn't marry the best man on earth.—Chicago News.

ONLY ONE NEGRO IN HEAVEN.

None Other Can Go There, Says Leader in Mormon Church.

Only one negro has ever entered heaven, and the gates of heaven are closed against members of the black race. This is the latest doctrine promulgated by the Mormon Church.

The announcement was made last Sunday at the funeral services of Eugene Burns, one of the most prominent colored men in Utah. The Rev. D. A. Brown, pastor of the First Baptist Church, had just finished his sermon eulogizing the dead negro, when Patriarch Miner, president of one of the quorums of the Seventies of the Mormon Church, walked up to the pulpit and, to the consternation of the mourners, began a highly sensational discourse.

He declared that the dead man could not enter heaven. He said that an Ethiopian could not reach the state of exaltation necessary to entrance into heaven. His soul was doomed before his birth.

Eugene Burns was a grandson of Abel Burns, the body servant of Joseph Smith, the prophet of the Mormon Church. Abel, according to Patriarch Miner, is the only one of his race who ever succeeded in gaining entrance into heaven. The reason he was successful was his fidelity to Joseph Smith, the prophet.

"For the colored race," said Patriarch Miner, "there is an exalted state in the next world into which they may go. Provision has been made in the teachings of the Prophet Joseph so that the negro may step up into that preliminary state of exaltation, and when he gets there a chance is given him to accept redemption according to the teachings of Joseph Smith."

Mr. Brown immediately arose and declared that no such teachings existed in the Bible. In refutation of the assertions of the patriarch he read several selections from the Bible, citing instances where men with black skins had been saved.

Burns' widow fainted during Patriarch Miner's revelation.—Salt Lake City dispatch to New York Sun.

Genius in the Bud.

The eccentricities of James McNeill Whistler have been a favorite topic of anecdote-mongers for many years. It is only lately that we have had a glimpse of Whistler the boy. A lady who was "Aunt Kate" to him all his life, although neither a relative nor a connection, has written a charming letter about him to the London Times.

She had known him ever since he was a child of two years. She was a neighbor of the Whistlers, and after a long absence from home, she called upon them and asked at once:

"Where is Jemmie?"

"He was in the room a few minutes ago," was the answer. "I think he must be here still."

Presently Jemmie's tiny form was discovered, stretched on the under shelf of a table. The visitor went to secure the prize, and asked:

"What are you doing there, Jemmie?"

"I's dworlin'!"

In one small hand was a pencil, perhaps two inches long, and in the other a morsel of paper about three inches square. Yet in these tiny proportions the little artist was even then doing work that showed an exquisite promise.

An Eye to Business.

Mistress—Did you bring any references with you?

Cook—No'm, I thought I'd get the place first.—Detroit Free Press.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

ROSY FUTURE OF WOMEN.

By N. D. Hillis, D. D., of New York.

If you don't want women to outstrip you in the industrial race and compel you to come to them when you want 50 cents you would better stop drinking poor whisky and quit gambling at race tracks and in pool rooms.

Women, in spite of man's refusal to give them the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, are to-day in 145 branches of business and in instances showing more ability than the men. In one of the greatest financial institutions of this city not long ago a well known man, drawing a salary of \$25,000 a year, suffered a nervous collapse. The directors selected as his successor the young woman who had been the stenographer for ten years. She, the directors told me, has done better work than the man she succeeded and is doing it for but \$10,000 a year.

In fifty years the women will know more than the men. They have more time to read and study and they are improving their time. Eventually they will vote and tell the men for whom they shall vote. Eventually all the universities will be co-educational, and the women will carry off all the prizes.

DISASTER AHEAD OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Ex-Senator Reagan of Texas.

The reason Texas must never be divided is this: There can be but two kinds of republics—the confederations of states and the centralized government, which becomes in the end nothing but a monarchy. The United States is drifting too rapidly into a monarchical form of government. It is not even now governed by men. It is controlled by money. The power of the financial interests is paramount to the power of the people. The result will be a dissolution of the confederacy of States or a monarchical form of government. I want Texas to be big enough to stand alone when the dissolution of the Union shall come. This is reason enough for never dividing the State.

PLANT LIFE SHOWS BEGINNING OF NERVES.

By Andrew Wilson.

That certain plants are highly sensitive is a fact doubtless familiar to many readers. We have the case of the English sunflower, whose leaves are provided with sensitive feelers. When an unwary fly stumbles across the leaf its legs become entangled in the gummy secretion of the tentacles, and these last bend downward over the insect, and thus tie it to the leaf surface. Escape is impossible; the insect dies, and the leaf converts itself into a digestive hollow, within which the insect is digested by means of secretions nearly akin to those which are represented in the animal's digestive work. The resultant, in the shape of animal matter, is absorbed by the plant as part and parcel of its nourishment. Without insect food these plants cannot flourish. It is the general rule of nature that the animal feeds on the plant. Here the ordinary order of things is reversed; for the plant, as if in retaliation, demands the sacrifice of the animal to its nutritive needs. Other plants exhibit a high degree of sensitiveness intended to assist the capture of insect prey. The "Venus fly trap" of North Carolina is an example in point. Its leaf is divided by a hinge into

MAGNETIC WATER PROPERTIES.

When First Used Showed Powerfully Corrosive Qualities.

So absurd has the notion that water could have magnetic properties seemed to competent judges that stories of its discovery have been generally discredited. M. O. Leighton, a hydrographer of the United States geological survey, has been investigating some of these marvelous tales, and he feels obliged to confirm them. The scene of his inquiry was Indiana, and he declares that he has found such water in three parts of the State. One locality is Cartersburg Springs, another is Lebanon, and a third is Fort Wayne. At all of these places the fluid possesses, for a short time after rising from the earth, the power of magnetizing steel objects immersed therein.

From a contribution of Mr. Leighton to the Engineering News it appears that the water contains a quantity of carbonic acid gas, and it retains the property just mentioned until the gas escapes. After that double change takes place a sediment, which is probably ferrous carbonate, is formed at the bottom of the receptacle.

Repeatedly, before dipping knives and needles into the water, Mr. Leighton would test them carefully to be sure that they were not already magnetized. Then five minutes after immersion these objects were withdrawn. They so attracted each other that one would hang from another, point to point. One of the knives was found to exhibit magnetic qualities thirty hours after immersion. Another experiment made by Mr. Leighton personally at Cartersburg Springs was to place a compass needle near the pool. Here a marked deflection from its normal position was observed.

At Lebanon the water comes from a driven well of the Big Four Railroad Company. When it was first used in locomotives it betrayed powerfully corrosive qualities. For that reason it was almost ruinous to boilers. Dr. John H. Hurty, the company's chemist, could find no ingredients which would account for the peculiarity. Later, when he had learned that the fluid would magnetize axes and knives, he advised allowing it to stand in an iron tank for a time before using it in boilers. That scheme rendered it innocuous.—New York Tribune.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WAR OF 1812

On a small farm cleared by himself more than seventy-five years ago, Hiram Silas Cronk, the last pensioner of the war of 1812, is now living near Ava, N. Y., attended by his daughter,

two lobes, or halves. Each half is provided with three sensitive hairs. If an insect touches a hair the leaf halves close upon it after the manner of the old fashioned rat trap, only the insect is inclosed within the leaf and is there duly digested.

To explain these curious facts we have to take a broad and general view of vegetable existence at large. It is a matter of common observation that ordinary plants show a certain degree of sensitiveness to heat and to cold. The daisies on the lawn will close their petals when a cold wave comes and open them again when the sun shines. We may with safety assume that no living being, animal or plant, is non-sensitive. They must one and all possess a faculty of sensation, for the plain reason that one and all possess living matter, and everywhere we meet with living matter we find it exhibiting sensitiveness as one of its primary qualities. Is this the beginning of nerves? In my opinion it is. We have only to suppose that in the animal body, owing to its special construction, there is freer scope for the play of nervous action than exists in the plant to explain why sensitiveness is more apparently a quality and feature of the animal than it is of its living neighbor.

WOULD CHECK IMMIGRATION.

By Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur.

In the last fiscal year nearly 1,000,000 foreigners have come to our shores. The illiteracy that they brought is astonishingly great and the vicious tendency corresponds to the illiteracy. They are for the most part from countries whose people are not readily assimilated to American ideas and ideals.

Lodge's bill would exclude a great number of these ignorant foreigners, and that bill or some other like it must be passed or our most cherished institutions will be endangered, if not destroyed.

Our naturalization laws are loose enough in themselves, and even those laws are not enforced. Men are made citizens who are ignorant of the first principles of the dignity and the duty of an American citizen, and I hope that the day will come when no man will be made a citizen who cannot read in English the constitution he swears to support and no man be made a voter who cannot read the ballot he casts.

TOO MUCH TIME SPENT IN COLLEGE.

By Dr. James, President Northwestern University.

A young man should get into business early, for the ten years between twenty and thirty are critical years. I believe that a young man looking to a business career should be through with his college work by the time he is twenty or twenty-one years of age. He will become a better business man, other things being equal, than the one who stays by his books until he is thirty or older. Men who stay long in college get such a bent away from business that without great natural ability they cannot break through the culture that hedges them and become great business men. At the age of thirty-five the man who entered business at twenty will be a better business man than the one who began his career at thirty.

University culture is not always the best preparation for life. It often stunts natural business ability, and this is an age when business ability counts for much. Very often I advise a college student as young as eighteen years to drop his studies and go to work. I would not do this in the case of one who is advancing in a line toward his business career, but with the one who is at a standstill as far as his preparation is concerned it is better to tell him to go to work. A young man loses his elasticity by the time he is thirty. Usually he can be made into a good business man only while that elasticity lasts.

The father and three sons served with Captain Edmund Fuller, New York Volunteers, in the defense of Sackett's Harbor.

For a number of years Mr. Cronk received a pension of \$12 per month, but in February of last year Congress passed an act increasing the pension to \$25 per month.

Business Honor.
"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street in New York," says an artist whom the Detroit Free Press quotes, "during that hard storm we had a few weeks ago. The wind struck a small newsboy about eight years old, and scattered his papers right and left in the mud. As he picked up the few were near him I heard him say, 'Dat busts me!'"

"For some foolish reason I laughed, probably at the odd speech. 'Turning on me, he asked savagely, 'Wat yer laffin' at?'"

"Not at you, my boy," I hastened to explain, and then to put myself right, I said, 'Here's half a dollar to start you in business again.'"

"He thanked me. 'You ain't such a bad guy,' he said, as he scooted in the direction of Park Row."

"This was not the last I saw of him. As I was hurrying to reach the ferry, I heard the patter of feet. He overtook me and asked breathlessly, 'Say, mister, do you go by dis way every night?'"

"No," I said, "I don't live in New York. Why?"

"'Cause,' he explained, 'I want ter give you a paper every night till I squares meself wid youse.'"

"Now is there a man," continued the artist, "who wouldn't like to help a boy of that sort, or who doesn't believe that with half a show he would develop into an honorable and successful business man?"

Punishing a Cranky Bride.

A wedding occurred last night that the Globe has concluded not to mention. A reporter was sent to the bride yesterday afternoon to inquire the particulars, but she acted like a crazy person. So we have concluded not to make any reference to the wedding; the bride may shoot the editor or set fire to the office. We never saw a woman act as she did. If she wants her wedding notice printed, let her get out a handbill.—Acheson (Kan.) Globe.

Tea Consumption of the Country.
Americans consume 35,000,000 pounds of Chinese teas, 31,000,000 of Japanese and about 4,000,000 of Indian.

Experience often provides the raw material for unnecessary conversation.

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$1.50
Six Months, ".....75
Three Months, ".....40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Co. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

Brownlow of Tennessee has a bill before Congress to appropriate \$24,000,000 to build wagon roads. Wagon road making, unlike the tariff, is a local issue. There is plenty of work for Uncle Sam without tackling the wagon roads.

We have from time to time urged the building of cottages and small dwellings at this place by those owning lots here. Something has been done in this direction but not enough to half way meet the increasing demand.

Now that the beginning of work on the Bay Shore Road is in sight this demand for more dwellings here will go on increasing rapidly. It is of vital importance that this demand be met and supplied.

We want more people and all the people we can get to live here. We want men with families on the pay-rolls of our local factories, but we cannot get them unless houses are built to shelter them. If this is not done these men will work here and live in the city, as many have done in the past. We should like to see the Land and Improvement Company mark down the prices on one or two good residence blocks and offer an entire block to some capitalist or association of capitalists who might be induced to build cottages thereon for sale or rent as a business investment.

The Grand Jury has recommended that collection of the money for burial and disinterment permits be taken from the county health office and given to the county license tax collector, whose compensation is fixed by law at 10 per cent of all moneys collected. We do not believe the proposed plan is practicable. The duties of the collector of this money is not confined to simply gathering in the cash due the county, he also must as deputy health officer see that the law as regards sanitary conditions is strictly complied with in the interment and disinterment of the dead.

Furthermore, the 10 per cent allowed the license tax collector would be inadequate, and it would be utterly impossible to secure competent and thorough service and the collection of the money for any such per cent. The highest amount received any one month since the new regime has been established is a little over \$700, which at 10 per cent would yield but little more than \$70. These seven hundred burials are distributed among some ten to a dozen different cemeteries covering several square miles. One man could not possibly collect the money, saying nothing about the other duties referred to.

REGISTER NOW.

We desire to call the attention of our citizens to the fact that all voters must register this year for the general election in November. To facilitate registration and save voters a trip to the county seat, County Clerk Schaberg has appointed C. L. Kaufmann and E. E. Cunningham Deputy County Clerks for registration purposes at this place. All a voter has to do is to call at the postoffice building and ask to be registered. It is important also to attend to this business now. Later there will be a rush of the many who postpone the matter to the last day, and applicants for registration will have to wait their turn. Register now and make sure of your right to vote in November. Should you change your residence prior to election you can get a transfer.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

University of California, January 23.—California Hall, for which the last Legislature appropriated \$250,000, which is to be completed at a total cost of half a million, will soon begin to take visible form on the campus at Berkeley. Contracts for grading and for the foundations have been signed by Governor Pardee and the other necessary authorities of the State. Ground will be broken on the campus at some time during the coming week. Bids will in the near future be opened for the structural steel and for other parts of the building. California Hall will be situated at a point west of the old North Hall of the University near the place now occupied by the University baseball diamond. It will be built entirely of stone, steel, concrete and glass, thus making it entirely fire-proof. It will contain large vaults for the preservation of valuable archives of the University. One of its features will be an auditorium with a seating capacity of 500. It will also contain recitation rooms,

and the top floor will be devoted to the administrative offices of the University.

The Greater University has also come one step nearer to realization in the announcement of a splendid benefaction by the will of the late Charles F. Doe of San Francisco. By the terms of his will, which was filed on Thursday, he leaves to the University 24 per cent of his total estate, a sum which will probably amount to at least \$300,000. This gift will supply what has been one of the most urgent needs of the University—that of an adequate library building. The site of the library, according to the general plan of the University as devised under Mrs. Hearst's architectural competition, will be just east of the new California Hall and quite near the present North Hall. University Architect John Galen Howard has already drawn up plans for the library building which provide both for a beautiful exterior and for the most approved facilities for the preservation and use of books and documents within. It will be built of stone in the classic style of architecture and will be the center of a group of buildings devoted to academic subjects, facing the main avenue of the new University. The plans are so drawn that the library may be added to as occasion shall require. Mr. Charles F. Doe, who has made this splendid bequest to the State through the University, was one of the early settlers in San Francisco. His life there has been very modest and retiring, but he has always been admired by all who knew him for his very sterling qualities. He was President of the California Door Company, and the owner of much valuable real estate in San Francisco. President Wheeler says of his gift:

"With this sum a building worthy of the University and of the State can be erected, and large enough to meet the needs of the next twenty years. As time calls for enlargements they can be built. Everyone acquainted with the internal workings and needs of the University knows that no lack is so bitterly felt as that of a proper library building. No gift could have been as much appreciated by as many people. Henceforth the name of Charles F. Doe is forever enrolled among the greatest benefactors of the State."

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the "Open" Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits..... July 1 to Feb. 1
Rabbit..... October 15 to Nov. 15
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.
Deer..... August 1 to October 1
Trout..... April 1 to November 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover October 15 to February 15.
Mountain Quail and Grouse..... Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves..... July 1 to Oct. 1
Tree Squirrel..... Aug. 1 to Oct. 1
Male Deer..... July 1 to Nov. 1
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited
Trout..... April 1 to Nov. 1
Steelhead (in tidewater) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16
Striped Bass..... Three-pound Black Bass..... July 1 to Jan. 1
Salmon..... Oct. 16 to Sept. 1
Lobster or Crawfish..... Aug. 15 to April 1
Shrimp..... Sept. 1 to May 1
Crabs 6 inches across back..... Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Turgeon and Female Crab..... Prohibited
Abalone..... Less than 15 inches round

FOR SALE.

At a bargain, one inside building lot, 50x140 feet, on sewer street.
One business lot and building suitable for boarding-house and paying a good rental.

Also other good real estate investments. Inquire for particulars, price and terms of E. E. Cunningham at P. O. building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

Pig Iron Production.

Berlin.—Germany's pig iron production for 1903 was 10,085,634 tons, an increase of 1,682,973 tons, thus outstripping Great Britain for the first time in history. The coal production for Germany for 1903 was 116,664,376 tons, an increase of 9,215,863 tons.

ONE LITTLE BOY.

I used to sit with idle hands,
As if all life were play,
As one who counts the hour-glass sands
To while the time away.
Now I am busy as can be,
And leisure time employ
By darning holes in stocking knee
For just one little boy.

By heaven's first law my house was kept,
The brass was polished bright,
Each room was dusted well and swept,
It was a pleasant sight.
But now mud-tracks are on the floor,
And with them many a toy,
And finger-marks upon the door
Tell of one little boy.

Once quiet reigned, or silvery sounds
Of music filled the air;
Now tramp of many feet resounds,
And, clanging up the stair,
March martial bands, with life and drum.

All flushed with pride and joy,
Behold at "double-quick" they come
Led by one little boy.

Time was I pondered Browning's verse
And Walter Pater read;
Of Ibsen I could once converse,
But now—a tired head
Is cuddled close at "story time"
When evening shadows fall,
And I am wise in nursery rhyme
And fable, that is all.

Once, when I tucked him into bed,
He hugged me tight, and then:
"What would you sell me for?" he said—
I kissed him once again
And answered, "Not for diamonds,
Pearls,
Nor gold without alloy;
Nor all the wealth of all the worlds
Would buy one little boy."

THE OLD SATIN GOWN.

JUDGE COPELAND opened the library door for his daughter with ceremonious politeness. He stopped her as she was on the point of leaving the room.

"You quite understand?" he said inquiringly. "I have had my talk with him, and he has my decision. I have told him he may see you this evening for a short interview, and that he may see you alone. This call, however, must be a final one. He is too young, he has no family to mention, he has nothing but a salary, and that none too large. You are only eighteen, a Copeland, and my only child. I shall never play the conventional cruel parent, and force you into a hateful marriage, but I shall never allow you to shipwreck your life in this manner. That is some comfort, my dear. Well, go now, and make your plans for eternal spinsterhood."

He smiled as he bowed her out, not mockingly, only indulgently. In all truth, he looked on her still as nothing but a child.

Edith Copeland was a dutiful daughter, trained up by old-fashioned ideals. As she went blindly up to her room, she had no rebellion in her, no modern idea of taking her love affair into her own hands. If her father said it must not be, there was nothing for her and Dick to do but yield.

She crept to her bed and lay there quietly, wondering how life would seem after to-night, how long it would stretch out into the years. She wondered dimly at her father's hardness. If he had ever loved as she loved, as Dick loved, how could he be so hard and unbending?

Suppose Dick had not much money; he was in with a splendid firm. The Armoyds were good people, if they were not society people. And suppose they were young lovers—was her father never young—her father and mother?

She had never known her mother. Sometimes she had missed something that the few girls she knew had, but actual, crying longing and yearning for mother arms and mother love she had never experienced till now. Somehow she felt that a mother would understand, and would even go so far as to do—speak to her father. Her mother would have taken her part bravely, and between them they would have won.

A sick desire for her mother filled her. She remembered the queer bronze key her father had put in her hands the morning of her eighteenth birthday, only a week ago, with the tersely uttered information that it belonged to the great oak chest in the garret that held her mother's things—hers now.

She knew that carved chest well; it had been her greatest delight in her childhood play hours; the greatest mystery life held for her in those days. Now that the mysteries had deepened about her, her desire to solve this one had lessened. Some strange feeling of not feeling quite ready to throw back that heavy lid and search the hidden treasures had held her back till such an hour as her mood should make the time a fitting one.

The dark winter afternoon was drawing to a sullen close when she slipped from her room up the narrow winding stairs which led to the paradise of her childhood, the shadowy attic room.

How familiar all the old rubbish looked—furniture that had seen its days of usefulness or fashion; boxes of books, papers, magazines; ghostly rows of hanging garments; and there at the far end, against the wall, the long, deep chest, carved with the tale of Lancelot and Guinevere in their journey through the pleasant forest. Slow tears of pain and loneliness began to fall as she knelt before the bridal chest of the long dead mother, and slowly turned the curiously wrought key in the lock. It took a

good deal of strength to throw back the solid lid. Then she sat down and let the lonely longing within her have full sway.

On top lay a mass of tiny garments, her own baby clothes, sheer and fine and long. She took them up slowly one by one, wondering what tale of tenderness and love each one had, and knowing full well that for her the delicate stitches held them forever fast. Below lay linens of exceeding fineness and richness, all monogrammed with the initials "E. M."—Edith Marshland, they stood for, this second Edith knew.

Through all the layers she went reverently. Dainty underlinen with old-fashioned adornings; fans and slippers and long silk stockings; a pale satin gown like the inside of a rose leaf; another like a butterfly for richness; trinkets and dainty belongings; a vinaigrette of tarnished silver; an old-fashioned chain of uncut turquoise; photographs, diaries, and letters. And at last, at the bottom of all, lying in its long case as in its shroud, was the wedding gown, the gown in which her mother had been painted by Duran.

The girl lifted it out quickly. No need to know it had been worn by her grandmother before. The straight folds, the short waist line, the low cut bodice, all proclaimed it to be of the picturesque days of long ago.

All the afternoon she had been crying softly. Now she sobbed over the shimmering folds as they lay in her lap, glistening and fading under the flaring light of the short candle length. She whispered over her mother's name rapidly, incoherently, as she sat there. Suddenly a queer fancy came to her. She looked at the fast decreasing candle, the dusty room. She got up quickly with the wedding garment in her arms, and went stumbling down the garret stairs.

A quarter of an hour later she heard the housekeeper's voice outside her room. The girl hesitated then answered the call.

"Are you really there Miss Edith? The judge has had an awful scare about you. We couldn't find you, and he was frightened to death. He's calling to you now, Miss Edith."

She heard his voice from the hall below, stern, commanding, the voice that she had never disobeyed in all her life. She ran out instinctively to meet him.

Below in the brilliantly lighted hall he awaited her, almost unstrung from the nervous dread which had held him ever since her absence had been discovered. What if she had been daring enough to risk everything, his displeasure, his love, for the sake of—Ah, what was that—that, coming down the stairs, the slim, girlish figure in the clinging satin gown? Was it painted canvass walking abroad to-night? Was it—? He could have fallen as he stared.

"Edith!" he breathed hoarsely.

Edith stopped, hurt, and solitary. It was not she that he called then. Always had she been outside his life. Must it always go on so?

And yet he had called some one, and if not her, who but that other Edith of his life?

She looked down at the yellowing satin gown timidly. She had not meant that anyone should see her in it. As she reached the last step and stood looking shyly at him, he came up to her with swift strides and caught her to him.

"Child, child!" he whispered brokenly. "Child, child!"

He held her close gathered up in arms that had never closed about her so. And suddenly, without words or protestations, she felt that she and her father were friends.

In the midst of it all the bell pealed sharply. Edith glanced up at the great hall clock. It was eight, and time for Dick. She threw back her head.

"Oh, dad," she whispered, with the old baby name once more on her tongue, "there isn't a bit of difference between now and then. Love and suffering are just the same."

Dick Armoyd came into the hall. He stopped as he saw Judge Copeland standing with his daughter in his arms. It was a position in which he had never imagined to find the stately gentleman. Edith held out her hand to him, but her eyes were fastened on her father's face. And Dick looked, too, on the pale, clear cut features which that noon he had hated—hated.

Judge Copeland looked from his daughter to his daughter's lover. He put her from him at last and crossed the hall. At the library door he paused.

"Instead of the tete-a-tete I promised you," he said seriously, "will you come in here, both of you, and let the three of us talk it over together?"—New York News.

Elephants and Mice.

An elephant is usually afraid of any small animal to which it is unaccustomed. A dog or cat, and sometimes even a mouse, will cause him annoyance, especially if it runs between the animal's legs. The noise of a mouse running through the hay will often cause an elephant to become excited, but I have never known or heard of a mouse getting on an elephant's trunk. The terrors of the mouse to a larger animal is an old story, and many foolish superstitions have arisen from it.—St. Nicholas.

Just Like a Woman.

"My wife tells me, sir, that you have been making love to her."
"That's just like a woman, to discuss our private affairs. It will be in the papers next."—Life.

Remorse is like a wooden leg; it helps a man on his way, but he can see where he'd be happier without it.

Small Incentive for Him to Fight.

The pay of the Chinese soldier indicates that he must be an even more economical person than the New Zealand bushman, who was able to live on £4 10s a year (on which he kept a horse and entertained). The Chinese private at £2 8s per annum is extremely inexpensive compared with the Englishman at £77, the Russian at £48 and the Italian—the cheapest of European soldiers—at £41. On this three half-pence a day there is little fear of bursts of dissipation, though the cavalryman has an extra of 8s a month for his horse, out of which he replaces the animal if it be killed.

Wanted to See Jefferson Act.

On several occasions last summer Joseph Jefferson had with him as a guide an old colored man, to whom had reached dimly, and from afar, the fame of Rip Van Winkle. One day, when the two were out fishing in a rowboat, he hazarded a few remarks. "Boss, is it a circus you are in?" "Not exactly a circus," said Jefferson.

"Was, sar. Ye can act, can't ye?"

Mr. Jefferson made a modest reply. "Well, sar, I never git to New York, but I'd powerful like to see ye act, sar, and I'll give fifty cents if you'll cut up right now!"

What He Was Writing For.

F. Marion Crawford, the prolific novelist, was introduced to a young woman recently. Hearing that he was a novelist, she said:

"And have you written anything that will live after you are gone?"

"I don't know," he replied. "You see, what I am after is something that will enable me to live while I am here."

MOTHERS OF GENIUS.

Schumann's mother was gifted with musical ability.

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms. Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of her gifted son.

Charles Darwin's mother had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

The Widows of America.

A Chicago mathematician announces that Chicago, with 60,396 widows, has a larger number than any other community in the country. It is added that the number of widowers in the city is only 23,097.

As a matter of fact, the State in which widows are most numerous is New York, in which they number 320,000. The city in which they are most numerous is the city of New York, where there are 105,000.

There were by the last federal census 2,720,000 widows in the whole United States, of whom, it is worthy to remark, 88,000 were in Indiana and only 8,000 in Utah.

There were 128,000 in Massachusetts, less than the total number in the two States of Alabama and Mississippi, though the view pretty generally prevails that the number of widows is disproportionately large throughout New England.

There are nearly 2,000 in Hawaii and 1,700 in Alaska, a proportionately larger number than in the city of Chicago.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,**
South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, REAL ESTATE

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LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, and HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE, Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

TOWN NEWS

A dry January.
Real estate rising.
Dwellings in demand.
Arab coffee at Debenedetti's.
Business good at water front.
The Grand Jury adjourned Tuesday.
J. H. Burchard was in town Wednesday.
Land Agent W. J. Martin sold a lot last week.

For Arab coffee try Debenedetti's.
J. Jorgenson has had his Arrival corner painted red.
H. P. Tyson of San Francisco paid our town a visit Sunday.

Some good bargains in real estate, call on E. E. Cunningham.

Senator Healy has begun work on Mrs. Taylor's dwelling house.

The best is none too good for my customers.—J. L. Debenedetti.

G. A. Gates, formerly employed at the S. P. depot, spent Thursday here.

Rudolph Uhl of Redwood City has bought John Brandrup's interest in the blacksmith business.

When you get ready to build let me quote you prices on paints and hardware.—J. L. Debenedetti.

Chas. Mercks and family moved to San Francisco Friday, where they will make their future home.

For Sale—A lot and cottage of four rooms and bath on Grand avenue. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

Garden seeds at Debenedetti's.

The Steel Works are busy these days filling orders. There seems to be no lack of business at the new plant.

For good wearing and up-to-date shoes we stand in line with low prices and extra quality. Debenedetti's.

C. Brew, foreman at the Baden Brick Company's works, has rented the Mercks cottage in the north end of town.

On account of a touch of the grip W. McMahon was forced to turn his paper route over to James Taylor for the past week.

W. S. Taylor and Mr. Bryan were tipped over from top of a load of hay Thursday morning. No bones broken, no damage done.

Messrs. Suni and Venturini of San Francisco have purchased the business formerly conducted by Reconni & Co. in the Union Hotel.

G. W. Holston of Paso Robles has been appointed agent at this place for the S. P. Co., and Mr. Lewis will leave early next week for a vacation in the northern part of the State.

Geo. Smith, son of G. L. Smith of Lodi, and formerly of this place, was in town on Friday of last week, calling on old friends. George is at present employed as a compositor on the Lodi Sentinel.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

Sunday was an ideal spring day; and it seemed a large proportion of San Francisco's population embraced the opportunity to enjoy a trolley ride to this city. The cars ran on a fifteen minute schedule and during the afternoon each was loaded to its fullest capacity.—Leader, San Mateo.

On Tuesday while J. F. Meyers, a pipe fitter employed at the packing house, was engaged in fixing some machinery he was caught by a revolving shaft and had his right shoulder dislocated. Dr. Plymire set the shoulder and on Wednesday morning sent the man to St. Luke's Hospital.

The Land and Improvement Company have leased a lot of land to Erickson & Peterson, railroad contractors, and the latter named gentlemen have commenced the work of putting up buildings for their supply depot and for storage of machinery and tools. Dirt will soon begin to fly on the Bay Shore Cut-off.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice Building.

Died—At one of the city hospitals on Monday, Joseph Cain, aged 28 years, a native of Chicago, Ill., brother of Tom Cain. The young man died after an illness of only four or five days of typhoid fever. He leaves two sisters, besides his brother to mourn his early death. The funeral was held on Friday, interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

Messrs. Smith & Guerra have opened their new saloon one door west of the Postoffice. The barroom and card rooms are fitted up in first-class style and the best grade of goods only is kept behind the bar. The boys are bound to make friends and build up a good business by reason of their care in catering to the public and their treatment of their patrons.

Some miserable miscreant too mean to live and to malicious to die, has been pulling up and destroying a number of the young trees recently planted by the Land and Improvement Company to beautify and protect the town from the trade winds. The Company will pay a reward of \$20 for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons guilty of such malicious mischief.

WANTED.

Special Representative in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21 weekly, with \$3 per day for Expenses paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expenses advanced and horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros., 600 Monon Building, Chicago, Ill. j16-6w

DROWN IN VIEW OF FRIENDS

Harry J. Holsworth and Harry O'Brien Lose Their Lives in the Bay Off South San Francisco.

Four Men Crowd Into a Small Boat Built for Two—One Falls Overboard and Overturns the Frail Craft.

Within fifty yards of a crowd of frantic friends who could hear their screams for help and see their wild battle in the water, two young men, members of a party of musicians, were drowned in the channel of the bay off South San Francisco about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Harry J. Holsworth, who lived at 1027A Alabama street, and Harry O'Brien of 242 Harriet street, were the victims of the tragic accident which was due to the upsetting of the frail hunting boat in which the two young men together with two friends were rowing across the channel. The party which started on the fatal trip was composed of Holsworth, O'Brien, William Bryant and John Kerr. Bryant and Kerr were saved from the fate of their companions through the heroism of C. J. Holsworth, brother of the drowned lad, who rescued them just as it seemed certain they would share the fate of their companions.

The four young men were members of a larger party of men and women who left this city Sunday morning for a day's outing on the flats of Baden. With them they carried guitars and mandolins and, securing boats at South San Francisco, they started out to serenade the hunters returning from the mud flats. As the boats came in the gay crowd would row to meet them and give gay greeting with song and music. Late in the afternoon most of the party put ashore, but the four young men started on a final trip across the channel opposite the Jupiter Steel Works. Their boat was a tiny craft equipped for hunting with a scull hole in its stern through which a paddle could be placed in order to propel the boat about the hunting grounds without the noise of oars.

Boat Overloaded.

Four persons in the boat was more than it should have carried and the scull hole was beneath the surface of the water. When the boat was half-way in the channel C. J. Holsworth, who was standing on the shore, saw that it was settling. He divined at once that the scull hole was submerged and that the boat was filling through the leak. He loudly shouted warning to the young men in the boat, and at the same time they seemed to realize their predicament. One of the men was rowing, two were seated in the stern and one was in the bow. As the man in the bow heard the shout he started toward the stern with the evident intention of closing the leak, as the paddle had been taken out and it was left wide open. Instead of getting to the stern he stumbled and fell overboard.

In a moment he rose to the surface of the water and grasped the side of the boat with the grip of a drowning man. His weight on the side, together with the heavy load and its waterlogged condition, caused the boat to go over, and all four occupants were left struggling in the water. Young Holsworth, supposed to be the man who stumbled from the boat, was probably injured by the craft when it upset. He could swim but very little, and a moment after the boat upset he disappeared beneath the water. The men and women on the shore grew frantic. C. J. Holsworth was the coolest of the crowd, and jumping in to a boat alone, he started to the rescue. A glance as he neared the scene showed that his brother was lost, but he kept on to help the others. At the capsized boat he found John Kerr struggling in the water and half unconscious. He seized the man with one hand and with the other used an oar to move the boat a few feet further to where O'Brien was fighting for his life. Just as Holsworth's boat was within three feet of O'Brien the latter sank for the third time and did not reappear. Holsworth managed to drag Kerr into his boat and rowed over to where Bryant was clinging to the overturned craft. He rescued Bryant and then turned his attention to getting out the bodies of the dead.

Mr. Lingell, who followed C. J. Holsworth in another boat, began diving for the men and in only a few minutes located young Holsworth's body, which was brought to the surface. O'Brien's body was brought up half an hour later by C. J. Holsworth, Leon Carson and William Shober, who fished for it with meat hooks.

Both bodies were taken ashore where the utmost efforts were made to resuscitate the men, but without avail. Holsworth's body was still warm when drawn to the surface and it was long before the members of the party would admit that he was dead.

After the boat upset and while the effort at rescue was going on there was a painful scene on shore. The sisters and girl friends of the men in the boat screamed in fear and called out pitiful words of courage to the men struggling in the water. When the bodies were brought ashore some of the women became hysterical.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., February 1, 1903:
Brickley, Patrick; Depauli, Antonio; Fitzpatrick, Thomas; Malerbi, Bell; O'Brien, Francis; Parolli, John; Wilson, Dave L.
Foreign—Fresia, Federico; Gaetano, Ulivi; Marty, Antonin; Palla, Lorenzo; Pierini, Maoro; Tarolli, John. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

GRAND JURY FILES REPORT.

The Grand Jury of this county filed its report late yesterday afternoon, and in a general way it may be stated the result of the investigation discloses the fact that the affairs of the county are in a very satisfactory condition.

The report of the expert shows the various county officers to have been careful and economic in the performance of their several duties, and each official is accorded his meed of praise. The county jail and poor farm were found to be in good order, but the water supply at the farm is declared to be faulty both in quantity and quality. Its sanitary condition is also condemned.

The various schoolhouses of the county were examined and found satisfactory. The San Bruno schoolhouse, however, was found to be in need of considerable repairs.

The recommendation is made that in future in erecting new schoolhouses the Superintendent of Schools be consulted as to location and general arrangement of buildings.

The condition of the roads of the county is found to be very satisfactory.

It is recommended, however, that the various Supervisors secure permission from property owners to top the tall trees along several roadways, in order that the sun may not be obstructed in shedding his midday drying rays upon them.

The jury recommended a change in the manner of collecting the fees for burial permits. The present collections are made by three parties who receive \$75 per month each for their services. It is suggested that the collections be made by the County License Collector, who is allowed by law to retain 10 per cent on all such matters.

It is recommended that the Southern Pacific Co. be requested to build a steel bridge at Holy Cross Cemetery to replace the present wooden trestle which, says the Grand Jury, is unsightly and cramps the public roadway unnecessarily. It is also recommended that the gates be erected by said company at various points along its lines—particularly at Laurel Creek and Belmont.—Leader, San Mateo.

SHERIFF MANSFIELD ISSUES A WARNING.

Sheriff Mansfield of this county asks the Leader to warn the people of this vicinity to exercise an extra amount of diligence during the next few months owing to the epidemic of burglary which seems to have fastened upon the towns of the Peninsula as far north as Ocean View.

The officer declares the midnight marauders are from San Francisco and make their visits to this section by the electric cars at night. "After turning a trick," says he, "they return to the city and their apprehension is extremely difficult to accomplish." He advises all the people to see that their doors and windows are securely fastened upon retiring, and to abolish the old habit of keeping valuable articles of jewelry and money in bureau drawers and other equally insecure places. It is hoped the officer's advice will be heeded, and that there will be a general resurrection of old shotguns so that some morning what might have been a subject for the Sheriff will be delivered to the Coroner.—Leader, San Mateo.

BURGLARS ENTER BURLINGAME STATION.

On Saturday night the station of the Southern Pacific Company at Burlingame was visited by burglars. They entered the structure by prying open a window. So far as is known nothing is missing. The intruders were evidently bent upon securing nothing but the coin of the realm, but as all the cash had been deposited in the office safe and it had not been molested their wishes in this regard were not realized. A few miscellaneous express packages were opened and examined, but were thrown aside. The officers have been investigating the affair, but no clue has been unearthed which would tend to reveal the identity of the intruders.—Leader, San Mateo.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The January water rate must be paid on or before the last day of January. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of February and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

Dr. J. C. McGovern

Dentist

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SAN FRANCISCO

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MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable steers not plentiful, selling at strong prices.
SHEEP—Are offered freely and beingsold at steady prices.
HOGS—Hard hogs are in demand at firm prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: 1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½¢@8¾¢; 2d quality, 8¢; Thin Steers, 7¢@7½¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢@6¾¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 5½¢@6¢; Thin Cows, 3¢@3½¢.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 130 to 250 lbs, 5¼¢@5½¢; over 250 to 300 lbs, 4¾¢@5¢; rough heavy hogs, 4½¢; hogs weighing under 130 lbs, 5¢@5½¢. Soft hogs not wanted.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼¢@4½¢; Ewes, 3¾¢@4¢. Lambs, 5¢@5½¢.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5¢@5½¢; over 250 lbs, 4½¢@4¾¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—Market firm—First quality steers, 7¼¢@7½¢; second quality, 6¼¢@7¢; thin steers, 5½¢@6¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6½¢@6¾¢; second quality, 5½¢@6¢; third quality, 4½¢@5¢.

VEAL—Large, 7¢@7½¢; medium, 8¢@8½¢; small, good, 9¢@9½¢; common, 6½¢@7¢.

MUTTON—Market firm—Wethers, heavy, 7¼¢@7½¢; light, 8¢@8½¢; Heavy Ewes, 6¼¢@7¢; Light Ewes, 7½¢@8¢; Lambs No. 1, Heavy, 9¢@9½¢; Light, 9½¢@10¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¢@8½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12¼¢@13¼¢; picnic hams, 8½¢; Boiled Hams, skin on, 19½¢; skin off, 21½¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16¢; light S. C. bacon, 15½¢; med. bacon, clear, 11¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 11½¢@12¢; clear, light bacon, 13½¢; clear ex. light bacon, 14¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$12.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.25; Family Beef, bbl, \$11.00; hf-bbl, \$5.75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$10.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10½¢; do, light, 10¢; do, Bellies, 11½¢; Clear, bbls., \$21.50; hf-bbls., \$11.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$5.25; 25-lb. kegs, \$2.10; kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are: 1 lb:

Tes. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 7 7¼ 7½ 7¾ 8
Cal. pure 9¼ 9½ 9¾ 10 10½
In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.25; 1s \$1.20; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.25; 1s, \$1.20.

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Cosmetics for the Complexion and Hair, Fancy Goods, Stationery, Candles, Cigars Etc. Prices reasonable.

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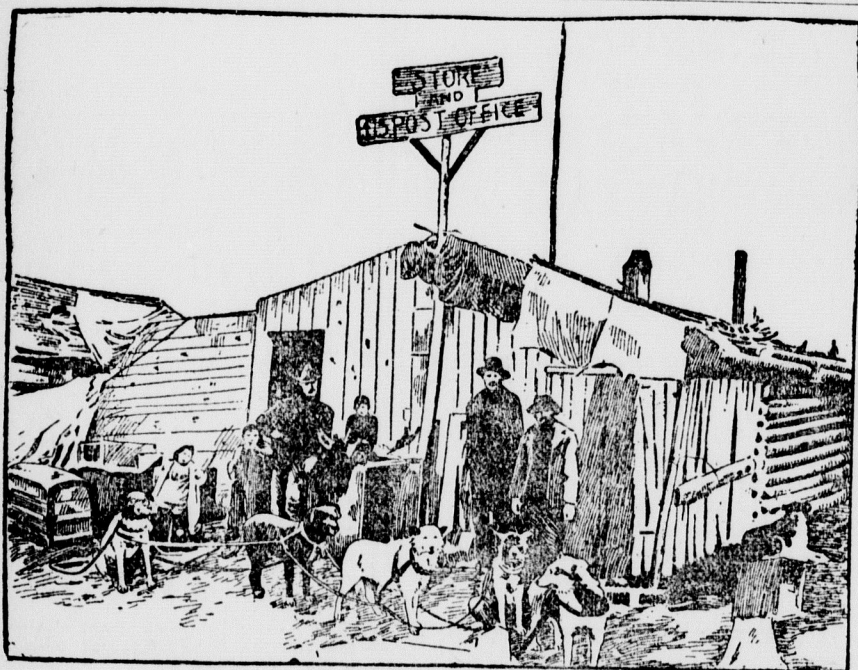
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO BRAVE DIREST PERILS

Life in the Gold Fields of Alaska, Where the Rough Element
Is Honest, and Always Insists Upon Fair Play for All

Ketchikan, Alaska, Correspondence: Frontier life lost none of its flavor when the trail of the American pioneer swerved from the West to the North. The fortune hunter lost none of the perils of his calling when he abandoned the train of the setting sun to go in pursuit of the north star. But he pays no more heed to the menace of the arctic than he did to the vicissitudes of the desert. He follows each stream as long as its sands will show color of gold, and the coils of his camp fire are hardly dead before there is a town site where he pitched his tent. The way is hard on account of nature's resistance to his encroachments upon her domain, but the result is always the same—he triumphs and goes boldly onward. Everything in this world has its price and the gold-hunting men of the North must pay in some coin for the privilege of the trail.

The loose way in which fortune flings her favors is unaccountable. One night some bunks men of the gold fields sold a tenderfoot an old claim that was supposed to be worthless. The knowing ones said they would not have it as a gift. When the raw Easterner took possession of his property he was the butt of many jokes. However, the swindlers and the jokers soon laughed out of the other corner of their mouths, for their dupe began taking such quantities of dust out of the abandoned claim that it soon turned out to be a bonanza. Up to this time it has paid him nearly \$300,000.



TRADING POST IN ALASKA.

Teh scapegoat son of a down East preacher drifted into the Klondike to make a new try at life. He had sown enough wild oats where he came from to make a bountiful crop of remorse, and it would seem that one who had played so hard and fast with good opportunities would hardly be entitled to hit upon the best claim in a thousand. But he did. He took the precious stuff out at a rate that was astonishing and broke the record for riotous living. His good resolves couldn't stand prosperity.

Many who are well schooled in the craft of hunting gold may stumble over it, while the uninitiated often run right into it. The man who was responsible for the discovery of the richest fields in the North tramped over them for years, vainly seeking his fortune, and finally came out with hardly enough money to pay his way home. Before the ship reached Seattle he was robbed of the last dollar he had in the world. On the same boat was a young Californian who had tackled the frozen North with less than \$100 and had no experience, who had \$140,000 worth of nuggets to show what his luck had done for him. All signs fail in a dry time, and no man can tell much about the hiding place of gold.

In 1880 a French Canadian named Joe Juneau wandered up Silver Bow basin, the beautiful canyon back of the town which bears his name. He panned the first gold from a field that has enriched the world by many millions, and which will continue to contribute to its wealth for many years to come. Juneau was one of those fearless characters who helped to conquer the wilderness. He was a pathfinder in the full sense of the word, yet he died penniless. When the news came to Juneau that the old man was dead in Dawson and it became known that his last wish was to be buried on the mountain overlooking the town that was named for him the money was quickly subscribed to bring his body to the spot where he said he wanted to wait for the judgment.

Idioms of the North.

The people of New England, as well as those of Dixie, have a distinction in their language, and so do the residents of the far North. Many words are in use here that are not known elsewhere. When a person arrives he is not known as a newcomer, but is mentioned as a "chee-chowker." A pioneer is not known by that name, but is called a "sour dough." Anyone who has braved the hardships of one winter in the gloomy arctic can then take to himself the honor of being a "sour dough." The word for "move on" is "mush." This odd word of command originated with the dog drivers. The

word "mush" is to the Alaskan sledge dog what "amen" is to the trained canine that says its prayers in the circus—a signal which he understands and acts upon, and one for which he will not accept a substitute. Although "mush" had its origin as a word for dogs, it grew in popularity until it became the generally accepted order for anything or anybody to move on or get out.

The vernacular of the cold country has a strong hold upon its people, as shown in the incident when a couple of returned prospectors went into a restaurant in Seattle to get their breakfasts. As soon as they were seated a waitress came forward and said: "Mush, gents?" They took their hats and left the place, muttering as they went. They wondered why she had ordered them out, and she, in turn, wondered what possessed them. "If they didn't want mush, they might have said so," she growled; "guess we've not good enough things to eat to satisfy anybody."

The extreme Northerners have mannerisms which are as odd as their forms of speech are peculiar. One day I was in a jewelry shop in Dawson when a miner came in to get a watch that had been left for repair. He put it in his pocket and without a word about the price handed over his sack of gold dust to the jeweler, who proceeded to weigh out the amount of the charge. The miner not only failed to ask the price, but turned around to talk



Wiggs—Does your wife choose your clothes? Wiggs—No, but she picks the pockets.—Denver Republican.

He—Yes. It's only the man with a pull that gets ahead. She—But—it's the man with the head that gets a pull.—Life.

"Is he very rich?" "Rich? Why, he's so rich he doesn't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."

Her Papa—And if I say no? The Suitor—Well, I confess it won't have the same effect on me as if your daughter said it.—Puck.

The Infant Musician. "Has Hair-o-vitch always shown a talent for music?" "Yes; even as a child he cried every time his hair was cut."—Life.

Crawford—Women are never satisfied. Crabshaw—That's so. My wife begged me to get her a sealskin coat and now she wants to go South for the winter.

Perfect Happiness. "Do you really believe there is such a thing in this world as 'perfect happiness'?" "Of course; but some other fellow always has it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EPITAPH OF YE BOOK AGENT. Learned he was not, in Greek or Geography. All he had studied was Ought-to-buy-ography.

—Life. The Poet's Meals. "I'm nearly famished," sighed the garret poet. "But you told me you had two meals a day?" said the friend. "Yes; oatmeal and cornmeal."—Philadelphia Record.

"Say, pa," queried little Billy, "what's an echo?" "An echo, my son," replied the old man, with a sigh long drawn out, "is the only thing that can flim-flam a woman out of the last word."

He—Archibald saved the widow from drowning, you know, but he couldn't save himself. She—You surely don't mean that he lost his life? He—Not exactly. The widow married him.

A Warning. Mifkins—That scoundrel, Jobson, called me an idiot! Bifkins—He didn't prove it, did he? Mifkins—No; but— Bifkins—Then I'd advise you let the matter drop, or he might.—Chicago News.

Patron—I suppose the leading lady is very happy after getting all those bouquets. Usher—Oh, no. She only got five. Patron—Gracious! Isn't that enough? Usher—No; she paid for six, I believe.—Philadelphia Press.

The Mystery of It. "I can't understand," said Uncle Eben, "how it is that some folks kin be too proud to work at it at the same time humble enough to let de fam'ly give 'em board an' lodgin' free."—Washington Star.

Reversing the Order. Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you? Pa—Except in the case of a farce comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first, and the frost afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

A Proud Lobster. Tommy Atkins—Aw! gwan, Mike, yer a lobster! Mike—Ye flatter me. Shure, a lobster's a wise animal, fur green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat.—Philadelphia Press.

The Great Game of Chance. "But why," asked the authorities, "are you young women so interested in this anti-gambling crusade?" "Because," was the reply, "if we succeed marriage will be the only game of chance left open to the men."—Chicago Post.

Working Both. "Dr. Sharp is quite wealthy, isn't he? Did he make all his money from his practice?" "Not all of it. He's the principal owner of a very large oil well up the State, and—"

"And he makes money from the sick and the well, too?"—Philadelphia Press. Peace Assured. "Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive euchre club?" "No, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "when we buy prizes we are always careful to select things that no one really wants, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—Washington Star.

Cause of It. "I haven't quite determined," said the Charles Street father, "whether to have my daughter's voice cultivated here or abroad. What would you suggest?" "Oh," said the obliging neighbor, "abroad, by all means"—and that's where it all started.—Baltimore News.

"How's your mother?" asked the neighbor. "Worried to death," answered the boy who was swinging on the front gate. "Father's away hunting, brother Bill's gone to a political convention, brother Jake's joined a football team, and the dressmaker just told mother that she'd look a fright in mourning."

Mother—You can't stay in this hot city. Why don't you tell your husband you must go to a summer resort? Bride—I-I don't dare. Mother—Why not? Bride—If he says "no," I will be miserable because I can't go, and if he says "yes," I will be miserable because he can live without me.—New York Weekly.

"Gee-whizz!" exclaimed the reporter, looking over his report of the wedding in the paper, "I'll bet that bridegroom will be sore." "What's the matter?" asked the Snake Editor. "He owns an old family homestead out in the suburbs somewhere, I believe, and he told me to say 'the young couple will reside at the Old Manse.' The paper's got it 'Old Man's.'"

WOMEN AND THEIR CASH.

No Two Have Same Method of Carrying Money or Valuables.

Of a half dozen Washington women to be found any day in a street car probably no two adopt the same means of caring for their cash. "Women have almost as many ways of carrying their money about with them as they have changes of the heart," said a local detective.

"The most common place for a woman to carry greenbacks is in her stockings. Since the days when Eve's daughters began to wear this article of dress it has been a favorite safe deposit vault. It is safe to say that three out of every ten shoppers in a department store will have a little roll of money tucked away in her stocking, and when she decides to make a large purchase she will seek a secluded spot and dive down for the money."

"When a woman is calling she usually carries a little change in her card case, especially if she is obliged to ride on the street cars. If she is traveling she wears a tiny chamol bag about her neck for the purpose of safe-guarding her money and jewels."

The glove is a favorite place for carrying money, especially Sunday, when the hands are busy carrying the prayer book and the train for a Sunday-go-to-meeting gown. The little space between the glove and the palm holds just enough for the offering and carfare. The school girl carries her change wrapped up in the corner of her handkerchief. There it remains until noontime, or recess, when she unties the knot and buys her lunch, candy, chewing gum or lead pencil.

"Now that the sleeves resemble nothing so much as a good-sized satchel, they are used for carrying money tied up in handkerchiefs. The full front shirt waist is a convenient hiding place for money and other feminine belongings. A petticoat pocket is often used by women for their valuables. They know this pocket is an impossible thing to find, and would as soon think of having the garment made without a band as without a pocket."

"Many girls wear little finger purses and tiny silver bags suspended from chains to carry their change. A bracelet purse of leather or silver is worn by the fad-loving maiden; but no one would ever suspect that there was money in it. Perhaps the girl who carries her car fare in her mouth is the least common of all, but she exists."—Washington Star.

A Dead Letter and a Lively One.

The world is never tired of anecdotes which bring out the play of fancy and humor in the mind of Henry Ward Beecher. The great preacher had the faculty of extracting amusement for himself and others from the most commonplace occurrences. The postmaster of Brooklyn informed him that one of his letters had been returned from the dead-letter office, and this is the way the affair struck Beecher:

October 28, 1880.

Colonel McLeer: Dear Sir—Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

We must all die! And though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion? Did it have any effects?

Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick—dangerously sick? If any depart this life hereafter don't notify me till after the funeral.

Affectionately yours, Henry Ward Beecher.

Unworthy Son.

Shakespeare's counsel, "Look with thine ears," becomes more picturesque than trustworthy if read in the light of a happening which the New York Tribune notes:

During his recent visit to the Yellowstone Park, the President of the United States, who is a close student of American dialects, thought he detected in the speech of the driver of the coach the region from which he hailed.

"You come from Missouri, do you not?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

The driver pulled in his four horses, set his brake with his foot, and turned impressively toward the chief magistrate.

"Mr. President," he said, "my father 'n' mother onct went to Missouri on a visit, and they visited there twenty years. During that time I was born; but I want to tell you right now that I'm no durned Missourian."

A Giant in Strength.

"How's the baby getting on?" asked a family friend. "Growing bigger and stronger every day, I suppose."

"He's growing bigger every day," said the proud father, "and he's plenty strong enough now to suit me. You remember what a tremendous voice he had when you saw him three months ago? Well, it's still more tremendous now, yet he lifts it a dozen times a day."

Value of Diamonds.

The value of the diamonds in the United States is estimated to be \$500,000,000. Of this amount \$170,000,000 worth are owned by residents of New York.

Financial Success.

Hamfatter—So you presented "Hamlet" very successfully in Coon Hollow? Barnstormer—Yes; somebody yelled "Fire!" and after the rush was over I picked up seven pocketbooks.—Puck



The physicians of ancient times, who were pretty acute observers and knew more than some of their scientific successors of the present day are wont to believe, placed a good deal of reliance on the indications of disease which are furnished by the tongue. Even yet an inspection of the tongue is one of the routine practices of the physician in his professional visits. The tongue not only tells of the condition of the stomach and digestive organs, but also gives much valuable information regarding the state of the blood and of the nervous system.

In simple indigestion due to want of tone in the stomach and intestines the tongue is broad and flabby, the sides showing indentations from pressure against the teeth; the surface is covered with a thick white fur with a yellowish or brownish tint.

In chronic disorders of the stomach and other digestive organs the tongue is usually more or less dry and its surface has a glazed appearance, with a patchy whitish or brown coating.

In irritable or inflammatory affections of the stomach the tongue is elongated, and pointed, dry, of a bright red or a brown color, and its surface is sometimes cracked or furrowed. The furrowed tongue is also indicative in many cases of kidney disease, or perhaps of a state of irritability of the nervous system.

In feverish conditions the tongue is almost always coated and more or less dry, the degree of dryness often increasing with time and the height of the fever.

In protracted typhoid and typhus fevers and other affections in which the vital forces become greatly depressed, the tongue is covered with a brown or blackish fur, is dry and hard, and the surface seamed with deep cracks.

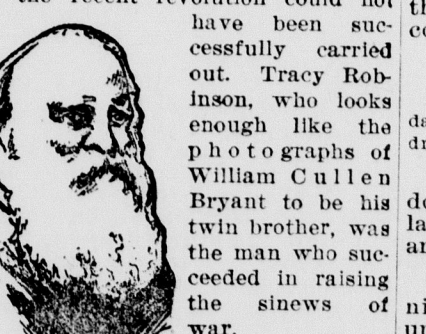
In scarlet fever one often sees the "strawberry tongue," the surface appearing unnaturally red and dotted with small elevations, after the clearing away of the white coat.

The tongue is tremulous in cases of great weakness, of temporary nervous excitement, of shaking palsy, and of lead-poisoning. It is protruded with difficulty in apathetic mental states, in cases of paralysis, and when it is dry and hard, as in lowered conditions of the vital forces.

When the tongue is unusually red it generally indicates weakness; when it is bluish in hue it points to defective circulation of the blood from weakness of the heart or extensive lung disease; when it is very pale it is a sign of anemia.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN GOT COIN FOR THE PANAMA REVOLUTION

Were it not for an American, who has taken up his residence in Panama, the recent revolution could not have been successfully carried out. Tracy Robinson, who looks enough like the photo-graphs of William Cullen Bryant to be his twin brother, was the man who succeeded in raising the sinews of war.



TRACY ROBINSON.

He was one of the commission, a correspondent says, that came to New York to get the coin, and the terms on which it was finally secured were that if the revolution was a success the money was to be returned, but if not, the investors were willing to lose.

That is the story as given out by Robinson, but the chances are the money sharks had better security in a cinch on some Panamanian property, from which they will now realize interest.—Cincinnati Post.

A Born Gambler.

Bourke Cockran has a plous neighbor with a 15-year-old son who does not promise to be exactly "a chip off the old block," this little incident leading him to that conclusion: Not long ago the father discovered to his sorrow that his boy and several others of the neighborhood had a habit of matching nickels. The wrathful parent led the erring lad to the time-honored attic where hangs a certain strap. The boy didn't have any agreeable impression of what was to come, but on the theory that it is only the first plunge that counts, he called out:

"Say, dad, I'll go you heads or tails for two lickings or none!"

What She Saw.

He—How did you enjoy the opera? She—Oh, it was just splendid.

He—Really? But it was all French, wasn't it?

She—Oh, no! Of course, some of the handsomest ones were unmistakably Parisian, but there were many pretty gowns that were evidently made here.—Philadelphia Press.

The average man thinks he has done his duty by his wife when he puts her name in big letters on a monument.

All Humors

Are impure matters which the skin, liver, kidneys and other organs can not take care of without help, there is such an accumulation of them.

They litter the whole system.

Pimples, boils, eczema and other eruptions, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, bilious turns, fits of indigestion, dull headaches and many other troubles are due to them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove all humors, overcome all their effects, strengthen, tone and invigorate the whole system.

"I had salt rheum on my hands so that I could not work. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it drove out the humor. I continued its use till the sores disappeared." Mrs. Ira O. Brown, Rumford Falls, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

JET MINERS OF ENGLAND.

Their Prosperity to Be Greatly Enhanced by New Demand of Fashion.

Society women in this country have revived the fashion of wearing jet ornaments. This is probably the result of a boom given to the black substance immediately after the death of the late Queen Victoria, when all England put on mourning. With the American market open for jet the prosperity of the inhabitants of certain little fishing villages on the northeast coast of England will be materially enhanced.

Four or five hundred rough, uncouth Yorkshiremen, but having that rude sagacity and shrewdness which characterizes their race, had practically cornered the jet market two or three years ago. With the death of Queen Victoria they found themselves possessed of wealth which to them represented gigantic fortunes.

They had lived upon the narrow strip of land wherein alone is found the finest quality of jet the world produces. For years back, during a period when fashion had ordained that it was practically valueless, when it was almost unsalable, they had hoarded it in large quantities. While staying in the picturesque little village of Staithes (pronounced Stairs), eight miles north of Whitby, the writer visited perhaps a score of tumbledown shanties, the occupants of which contrived to live on practically nothing a year, and all of these had cellars, out-houses, and, in some instances, half the kitchens filled with huge lumps of genuine jet.

It was immediately after the death of the Prince Consort, 40 years ago, that Queen Victoria set the fashion of wearing jet ornaments as a token of mourning. No English woman's toilet at that time was complete without a jet heart and a long string of necklace of jet beads tapering down from those as big as robins' eggs to the size of peas. At the time the price of jet rose to a dollar an ounce. It is now quoted nearly as high, but at the time the writer visited the jet fields a carload could have been bought for little more than the present price of coal.

In primitive days a man crawled out of a cave and began to conquer the world and his task is not yet completed.

Stops the Cough.

Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balm cures in a day. Prescribed by all doctors and sold by all druggists. Guarantee, d. 25c. 50c.

If the boy on the farm would only do as his father did when he was a lad there would be less fault finding, and a great deal more work done.

There are now living in Pennsylvania two sisters whose father served under Washington in the battle of Monmouth.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1903 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1904, if you will. Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

Per Acre. Salzer's Barley yielded 121 bu. Salzer's Home Builder Corn 300 bu. Speltz and Macaroni Wheat 80 bu. Salzer's Victoria Rape 60,000 lbs. Salzer's Teosinte, the fodder wonder 140,000 lbs. Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass 30,000 lbs. Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes 1,000 bu. Now such yields pay, and you can have them, Mr. Farmer, in 1904.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalogue and lots of farm seed samples free. (P. C. L.)

We once knew a wise father who knew how to rear every lad in the district except his own.

If you have aided or brightened some struggling life you have not lived in vain.

To Cure a Cough in One Day Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balm. Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c. 50c. At all druggists.

When the tide is going against you is the time you should paddle the harder.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Emsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Be charitable to the ignorant man who thinks himself wise; he would not think so if he were truly wise.

Your editor has a secret that will keep your store filled with cash customers.

Do you know a woman who is exactly pleased with her looks and build?



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

SPENCER'S APHORISMS.

The saying that beauty is but skin deep is a skin deep saying.

Precepts often heard and little regarded lose by repetition the small influence they had.

Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringe not the equal freedom of any other man.

A clever theft was praiseworthy among the Spartans, and it is equally so among Christians, provided it be on sufficiently large scale.

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.

Command is a blight to the affections. Whatsoever of beauty—whatsoever of poetry—there is in the passion that unites the sexes withers up and dies in the cold atmosphere of authority.

Free institutions can be properly worked only by men each of whom is jealous of his own rights and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others—who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great nor tolerate aggression on them by others.

People are beginning to see the first requisite in life is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service if there be not enough vital energy to work it, and hence to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are discovering the wisdom of the saying that one secret in education is "to know how wisely to lose time."

England's Wealthiest Man.

The wealthiest man in England at the present time is the Marquis of Bute, who is only 22 years old. In addition to large agricultural property in England, Scotland and Wales he is ground landlord of Cardiff, or a great part of it, and owns the biggest private docks in the United Kingdom.

The present Marquis of Bute's wealth has been estimated at over \$75,000,000, so his matrimonial intentions form a subject of eager speculation in the rather restricted circle in which by preference he moves.

CAVE MEN IN AMERICA.

Prehistoric Skulls Discovered in a Cave in Southwestern Missouri.

Prof. C. N. Gould, of the University of Oklahoma, recently visited a cave in Southwestern Missouri where excavations have been going on for a fortnight, and will last as much longer before they are completed. The cave is seventy feet long in the solid rock, and the bottom is covered with a layer of ashes over three feet deep, and this is being dug up and searched. Out of the debris of ashes and clay have been dug four human skeletons, together with bones of other animals. The arms are unduly long and the legs unduly short, which argues that the skeletons belong to an ancient period. Flint instruments of all kinds, knives, spear heads, drills, as well as bone and stone instruments, are found in great abundance.

The surface of the cave is of limestone, worn perfectly smooth, probably by long generations of use by the cliff dwellers. Dr. Peabody tells of a sheepfold at Mycene of similar limestone worn smooth in a like manner by long use by the sheep. Along the back wall of the cave the water pouring off the limestone has formed huge stalactites which Prof. Gould says must have been in process of formation for thousands of years. As these stalactites have formed above the coat of ashes in which the human skeletons and other relics of ancient times have been found, the cave must be one of extreme age.

As far as known, the discovery of these four skulls in Southwestern Missouri is the first positive discovery of a cave man in America. Their antiquity is yet to be proven. The stalactites, however, the three-foot coating of ashes, and other evidences of like kind seem to prove that the discovery is indeed an important one. Prof. Gould was the only geologist present at the investigation of that cave, and as almost the whole question of antiquity must be settled by a study of the geological formation his opinion in the case is of great value. Prof. Gould is of the opinion that the cave is the greatest find of its kind ever made in America. The work of excavation has only begun, and the greatest discoveries are yet to be made in all probability. He thinks there is little question as to its antiquity, and that the discoveries being made in the cave will be of invaluable aid in solving the problem of the prehistoric race of man which inhabited the American continent at one time.—New York Evening Post.

He Had Money Before.

Col. Clark Carr, of Galesburg, Ill., tells the following on the late Senator Tabor:

Col. Carr was traveling in New Mexico, when he ran into a party consisting of Tabor and his friends. It was only a few months after Tabor had "struck it rich." Prior to that event he had possessed scarcely enough to buy a postage stamp, but he was making up for lost time.

Carr had lost his watch key and began inquiring for one. Mr. Tabor thought this a great joke. "The idea of a man wanting a watch key in the nineteenth century!" he said. After chuckling over it for some time he turned to Carr and asked an explanation. "I want to understand it—a watch key! And a man as up-to-date as you."

"Well, the fact is," responded the Colonel, "I had enough money to buy a watch before stem winders came into fashion."

It was a center shot, and was greeted by a roar from the entire car.

When corn pops it turns white. Same way with a bashful man.

FRANCE AS A COLONIZER.

Is Accomplishing a Great Work in Her African Possessions of Algeria.

Few people recognize the extent of the French colonial possessions, writes Frank G. Carpenter. They are greater than those of any other nation excepting Great Britain. They are 20 times as large as France itself; they cover an area greater than all Europe, and in Africa alone they are as large as the United States proper. France has more ground in Asia than in France, its South American possessions are as big as the State of New York, and it has also islands in the West Indies, in Australasia and the South Seas. Parts of its territory are thickly populated.

The best of all the French colonies is Algeria. The French like it most and they are spending the most money on it. They are building railroads throughout the principal parts of it and they have already constructed about 2,000 miles of wagon roads. All of the ports are being improved and every town of any size has a good postal service, and there are more than 500 telegraph offices, through which 2,000,000 messages are sent every year.

Algeria has already considerable commerce, its imports and exports approximating \$100,000,000 a year. The most of this trade is with France. The country is one of the best in Africa. Watered by the moisture from the Mediterranean winds, it has a rich soil and one of the most delightful climates on the face of the globe. It is a land of mountains and valleys, backed by the sandy plateaus of the Desert of Sahara. Its area is about four times as large as that of Pennsylvania, and its population comprises about 4,000,000, of whom 300,000 are French.

The natives are Berbers and Arabs, with an admixture of Moors, Turks and negroes. The Berbers are farmers and very industrious. The French use them as laborers, and with their aid are setting out vineyards, olive groves and orange orchards. They also cultivate the soil for themselves, raising rich crops of wheat and other cereals.

One of the chief exports of Algeria is figs, of which 27,000,000 pounds are exported in a year, and another is dates, which come from the date palms scattered over the country, and especially throughout the oases of the Sahara.

In Algeria the French have materially improved the condition of the people. They have established primary schools in every part of the country, and also schools of higher education and communal colleges. There are 100,000 students in the primary schools, 5,000 in the high schools and a large number in the colleges. About \$1,000,000 is now being annually spent on education.

A Wasp's Wisdom.

Naturalists have decided that many insects have senses which human beings lack. That of location, shown by the wasp, for instance, is remarkable. One species builds its nest in a sand bank that is only a part of several acres of such soil, and when it leaves in search of food it covers the nest so carefully that no ordinary eye could discover its location. That is to say, it is just like all the surrounding location, and yet the wasp flies back to it without hesitation and finds it without making a mistake. There is another wasp that unerringly locates the eggs of the mason bee under a thick layer of sun-baked clay, and deposits her own eggs in the same cells that her young may have food when they are hatched.

MRS. COL. GRESHAM Was Given Up BY THE DOCTORS Pe-ru-na Saved Her Life

[It was catarrh of the lungs so common in the winter months]



MISS JENNIE DRISCOLL

Miss Jennie Driscoll, 870 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., writes:

"If people knew how efficient Peruna was in the cure of catarrh, they would not hesitate to try it. I have all the faith in the world in it as it cured me, and I have never known of a case when the person was not cured in a short time."—Jennie Driscoll.

Mrs. Col. E. J. Gresham, Treasurer Daughters of the Confederacy and President Herndon Village Improvement Society, writes the following letter from Herndon, Fairfax Co., Va.:

Herndon, Va.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—"I cannot speak too highly of the value of Peruna, I believe that I owe my life to its wonderful merits. I suffered with catarrh of the head and lungs in its worst form, until the doctors fairly gave me up, and I despaired of ever getting well again.

"I noticed your advertisement and the splendid testimonials given by the people who had been cured by Peruna, and determined to try a bottle. I felt but little better, but used a second and third bottle and kept on improving slowly.

"It took six bottles to cure me, but they were worth a King's ransom to me. I talk Peruna to all my friends and am a true believer in its worth."—Mrs. Col. E. J. Gresham.

A PLAIN TALK

On a Plain Subject in Plain Language.

The coming winter will cause at least one-half of the women to have catarrh, colds, coughs, pneumonia or consumption. Thousands of women will lose their lives and tens of thousands will acquire some chronic ailment from which they will never recover.

Unless you take the necessary precautions, the

chances are that you (who read this) will be one of the unfortunate ones. Little or no risk need be run if Peruna is kept in the house and at the first appearance of any symptom of catarrh taken as directed on the bottle.

Peruna is a safeguard, is a preventative, a specific, is a cure for all cases of catarrh, acute and chronic, coughs, colds, consumption, etc.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

40 lbs. = BEST EXTRA DRY = \$1.00
WHITE GRANULATED SUGAR

with any of our combination orders

SEND FOR OUR 40-PAGE CATALOG

G. T. JONES & CO., 2 AND 4 CALIFORNIA ST.

COR. MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

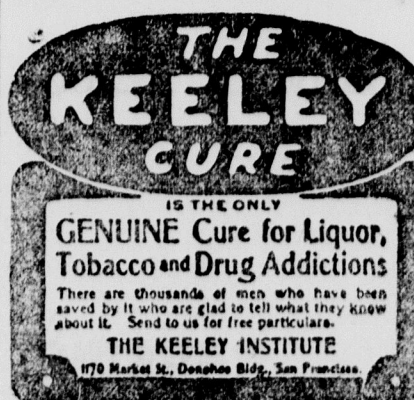
AN UP-TO-DATE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

ASK FOR THE EUREKA COMBINATION



PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER Kills Lice on Poultry. You paint the perches, the fumes kill the lice. Hens cannot feed lice and feed you. Price, 50c and \$1.00 a can. Sold by dealers. PRUSSIAN REMEDY CO., St. Paul, Minn. Gentlemen—I am a breeder of first-class Sil-Lace Wyandottes. I won a can of your PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER as a special premium at the St. Paul Poultry Show of 1900, and find it is all right. There are several here that want a reliable lice killer and yours is all right. WM. M. SAWAGERT, Wayzata, Minn. J. H. MALONE, of Adel, Mo., says the PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER is just the thing for lice on hogs, and is worth five times its cost.

GERMAIN SEED CO., Los Angeles, Cal., Agents.



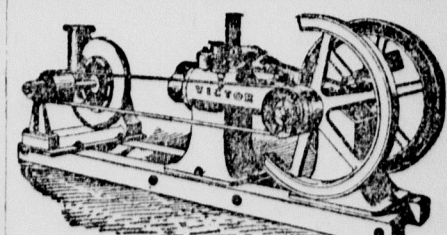
THE KEELEY CURE IS THE ONLY GENUINE Cure for Liquor, Tobacco and Drug Addictions. There are thousands of men who have been saved by it who are glad to tell what they know about it. Send to us for free particulars. THE KEELEY INSTITUTE 170 Market St., San Francisco

Belong to the crowd that goes ahead—to the throng in front where duty and work are done.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 231 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In West Virginia is a family of thirteen sons all over six feet tall. This may be called a large family.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.



IRRIGATION Cheaper than from ditches. When and where you want it. Fuel, distillate and crude oil. Shipped ready to pump. Nothing to get out of order. Let us tell you about it. VICTOR ENGINE AND MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., 252 Spear St., San Francisco, Cal.

BEADS! BEAD BELT AND FOB MAKING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

For \$1.25 we send post-paid complete outfit comprising 2 Bunches Beads, different colors, Needles, Thread, Loom, Instruction Book and Patterns.

LORD'S CURIO STORE 307 Kearny St. San Francisco.

RISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

10,000 Plants for 16c
More gardens and farms are planted to Salzer's seeds than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 250 acres for the production of our warranted seeds. In order to induce you to try them, we make you the following unprecedented offer:
For 16 Cents Postpaid
1000 Early, Medium and Late Cabbages
2000 Delicata, Carrots,
2000 Bushing Cauli, and
2000 Rich Nutty Lettuces,
1000 Splendid Onions,
1000 Rare Lettuce Radishes,
1000 Gleanings Brilliant Flowers.
Above seven packages contain sufficient seed to grow 10,000 plants, furnishing bushels of brilliant flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalog, telling all about flowers, roots, small fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps and this note. Manual 16c paper catalog alone, 5c.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.,
La Crosse, Wis.

AN OLD "RELIANCE" and still in the lead—TOWERS' FISH BRAND Waterproof Oiled Clothing
BLACK OR YELLOW
FOR SALE BY ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS
MADE SINCE 1836 BY
A. J. TOWER Co. Boston, Mass. U.S.A.
TOWERS CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

A secret kept is one you never told any one.

S. F. N. U. No. 5, 1904.

FERRY'S Seeds
cost more—yield more—save all experimenting—save disappointments. 48 years the Standard Seed. Sold by all dealers. 1904 Seed Annual postpaid free, to all applicants.
D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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